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The Literary Digest

for September 28, 1935

VOLUME 120

NUMBER 13 WHOLE NO. 2371

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Published at 354-360 Fourth Avenue New York

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TERMS: $4.00 a year, in advance; $2.00 six months; 10 cents a copy; Canada, $6.00 a year; $3.00 six months; 15 cents a copy; other foreign countries, $5.00 a year.

Semiannual indexes will be sent free to subscribers who apply for them.

Instructions for *renewal, discontinuance* or *change of address* should be sent two weeks before the date they are to go into effect. Both old and new addresses must always be given.

THE LITERARY DIGEST is published weekly by Funk & Wagnalls Company, WILFRED J. FUNK, *President;* ROBERT J. CUDDIHY, *Vice-President and Treasurer;* WILLIAM NEISEL, *Secretary,* 354-360 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y., London Office, 27a, Farringdon Street. Printed in the U. S. A. Entered as second-class matter, March 24, 1890, at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Entered as second-class matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada.

THE LITERARY DIGEST title is registered in U. S. Patent Office, and in Foreign Countries. PUBLIC OPINION, New York, and CURRENT OPINION, New York, combined with THE LITERARY DIGEST. (Title registered in U. S. Patent Office.)

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To decide questions concerning the correct use of words for this column, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

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dog Latin.—Anon. Corresp.—The phrase *dog Latin* dates from 1770 or thereabout. It was used by Lord Hailes in his "Ancient Scottish Poems," published in 1770: "The alternate lines are composed of shreds of the breviary mixed with what we call 'dog Latin' and the French, Latin de cuisine." *Vulgar Latin*, the every-day speech of the Roman, was as different from the Latin of Cicero as every-day English is from the English of Milton, Macaulay, or Ruskin. The Latinizations of non-Latin words is *dog Latin*.

gray snow.—"R. C.," Edinburg, N. D.—*Snow* is sometimes tinged by various foreign substances in its fall to the earth, and may thus take on various colors. Certain algæ floating in the atmosphere may give *snow* a *red* tinge or a *green* tinge, and soot may give it a *gray* tinge, or, if the soot is very dense, the *snow* may appear almost *black*. On March 31, 1898, the *Westmoreland Gazette* reported "a sharp fall of perfectly *black snow*" in the Lake district of northern England.

philosophy (of, on).—"M. B.," Chicago, Ill.—One says "the philosophy *of* life; *of* banking; *of* teaching." Tho one may write a "philosophy" *on* life, *on* human behavior—that is, a philosophical treatise on the art of living, or on the causes underlying human actions—he will none the less be presenting a philosophy *of* life or *of* human behavior. In the phrase, "a philosophy *on* life," the word *philosophy* is used as meaning a philosophical treatise, or a system of philosophy.

shoot.—"D. E. G.," Greeley, Ia.—The use of *shoot* in such a phrase as, "It's your *shoot*," or, "Is it my *shoot?*" as in billiards, is colloquial—not good usage. It is an elliptical expression, an abridgment for, "It's your *turn to shoot*," or "my *turn to shoot*." One may correctly say, however, "It's your *shot*," using *shot* as a noun meaning stroke, especially in the game of billiards.

sick to, at, one's stomach.—"E. L. H.," New York City.—The accepted idiom is "sick *at* one's stomach." The expression, "sick *to* one's stomach," has no literary standing. The latter expression seems to have originated in the United States, and especially in New England where it is widely used, almost to the exclusion of "sick *at*." It has been heard in other parts of the United States where it may have been transplanted by New Englanders. "Sick *at* one's stomach" has been in use for at least three centuries, and has since been in literary usage continuously. Probably its actual usage goes back much further, but it has been definitely traced to 1653.

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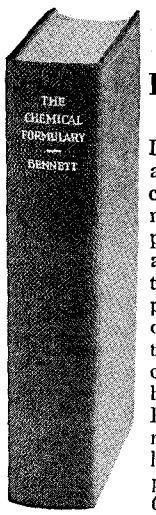

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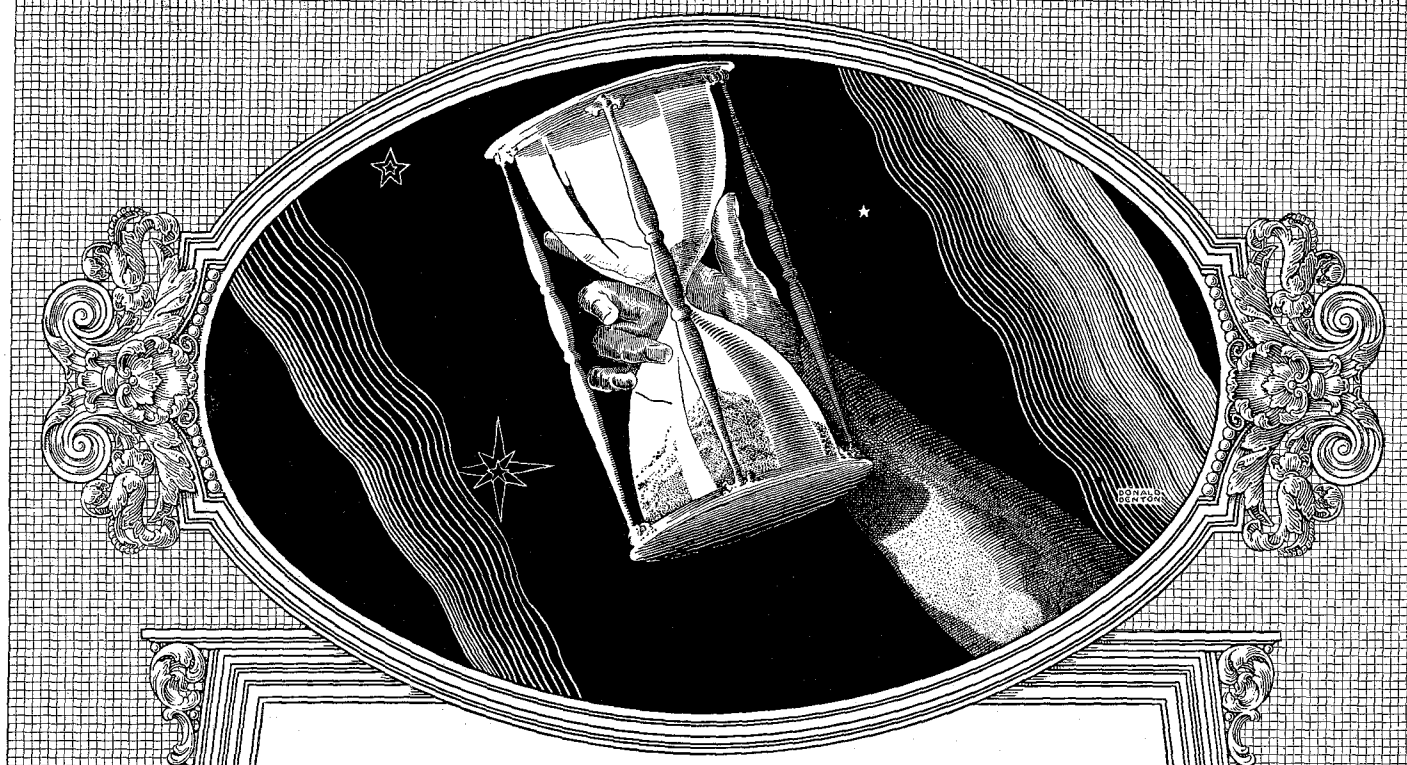

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The Literary Digest

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 28, 1935

TOPICS OF THE DAY

SICK KING COAL'S RELAPSE: Miners' Strike Crisis and Court Constitutionality Challenge Complicate Administration of the Guffey Stabilization Act

Coal rivals air and water as a necessity of life. It moves trains and machinery; it heats offices and homes. Yet for fifty years grievous ills have beset American coal production.

To-day industrial doctors watch anxiously at the bedside. Even if the Supreme Court allows them to administer it, they can not foretell the recuperative effects of their latest New Deal tonic—the Guffey Coal Act.

Its passage failed to still the ominous rumble from the coal-tipples. Early this week that rumble became a roar, drowning out the act's brief flash through the courts and the President's appointment of its boards of control a few days before.

With 400,000 miners ordered to walk out after the Sunday midnight expiration of an often-extended contract, Assistant Secretary of Labor Edward F. McGrady shouted to weary Washington negotiators:

"In the name of Almighty God, don't let this strike occur over a few pennies!"

If the immediate issue was one of a few pennies, the plight of the bituminous coal industry was less simple.

Publishers' Photo Service

One trouble with the coal industry: There's too much coal

Chaos

Dog-eat-dog competition, miserable living standards, labor strife, unstable market prices, and unemployment confounded chaos from 1885 on. Coal often sold at less than the production cost, and many of the hundreds of companies, large and small, were bankrupted.

At its 1919 convention, the United Mine Workers of America saw nationalization of the industry as the only solution. Modifying their demands, the miners later fathered a series of bills for Federal control. In 1926, the United States Coal Commission reported that expansion had long been overdone. President Hoover recognized the "high instability" and "great national loss" in coal-mining.

"For years, the 2,000,000 people dependent on coal-mining had been pinched in very special conditions," Malcolm Ross recorded recently in the New York *Times* (Ind.-Dem.). "Their industry had lost much of its market to oil, gas, and water-power. The operators began to underbid one another in order to win contracts. To keep digging costs below the ever-falling price-levels, they made so many successive wage-cuts that by 1932 some miners were loading coal for sixteen cents a ton.

"Coal-miners generally were hopelessly in debt, timorous about losing what jobs they had, and so beaten by the desolate years and their own phlegmatic natures that they could not raise revolt. It would have done them little good if they had. The operators themselves were ruined. Toward the end of the nightmare not enough money came in from coal-sales to carry overhead and keep the miners decently alive. Then came the code."

That was two years ago. Evolved under Brig. Gen. Hugh S. Johnson from many contradictory recommendations, it provided shorter hours and higher pay and guaranteed profitable prices. For a while there was a taste of the fruits that had been enjoyed before only during the War. Application of uniform standards to widely varying physical and working conditions proved difficult. Some operators fumed. Compliance weakened even before the downfall of the NRA last May invalidated all codes.

Already John L. Lewis, forceful President of the United Mine Workers, had contracted his beetle-brows, filled his barrel-like chest, and loosed his oratory, drawing generously from the Bible and the dictionary. He wanted permanent guaranties.

Answer

Legislators listened. The answer came from Senator Joseph F. Guffey, Democrat, an original New Dealer in coal-mining Pennsylvania, normally Republican. His bill providing for price-fixing, production control and collective bargaining in the coal-fields was finally enacted just before the last Congress adjourned.

To administer it, President Roosevelt on September 20 named George E. Acret of California, Charles S. Hosford, Jr., of Pittsburgh; Walter H. Maloney of Kansas City; C. E. Smith of Fairmount, West Virginia, and Percy Tetlow of Columbus, Ohio, to the National Bituminous Coal Commission; and Lee Gunther of Knoxville, Tennessee; John J. O'Leary of Pittsburgh, and John M. Paris of New Albany, Indiana, to the Coal Labor Board.

Miners and operators were too involved in the climax of their long dispute to heed these names. Bitter parleys continued Monday past the dead-line for the largest strike of the New Deal era.

In a collective agreement in April, 1934, the miners' minimum wage had been made forty cents a day and hours of labor seven. When it expired a year later, they sought better conditions, but consented to five postponements at Administration request.

Even before last week's crisis, *Today* had doubted the possibility that a strike could be averted, saying of the Guffey bill:

"It sets up elaborate machinery for bringing the demands of labor and the expectations of capital into equilibrium, which means it has to insure enough profit to pay the wages. Some acute observers think that it will break down economically long before the Supreme Court passes on it."

As to constitutionality, President Roosevelt's admonition to let no doubts on this score interfere with the passage of the Guffey bill has become a byword of controversy.

The first suit, an injunction sought by the Carter Coal Company of West Virginia to

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restrain the Government from carrying out the provisions of the act, was dismissed in the District of Columbia Supreme Court on September 16 as premature.

A few days later, the Government was asked to defend the act at a hearing in Louisville, Kentucky, on September 27, in an action brought by the R. C. Tway Company, one of sixteen Southern firms which sued almost before the ink of the President's signature was dry.

Wood

A court-room crowded with operators in Washington for negotiations with employees heard Frederick Hill Wood open fire in the Carter case. Nemesis of the NRA, he had convinced the Supreme Court as attorney in the Schechter Case that code-making was unconstitutional. And if, in the words of the Charlotte *Observer* (Ind.-Dem.), "the Federal Government must keep its hands off chickens, it would seem silly to contend that it has a right to put its hands of control upon coal, which scatters in and through and across all the States."

"The Guffey Act attempts to establish a little NRA for the bituminous coal industry, with the attendant regulation of wages, hours, and trade practises," Mr. Wood told THE LITERARY DIGEST. "Unlike NRA, it does not seek to impose its regulatory provisions directly upon industry, but to compel their acceptance by all coal producers through the imposition of a tax of 15 per cent. upon the sale price of all coal produced in the United States, with a drawback of 90 per cent. of such tax to those producers who accept its provisions."

This tax does not come into force until November 1.

"At that time," notes the Washington *Evening Star* (Ind.), "the prospect is for a real test of the constitutionality of the Guffey law, a test that probably exceeds in importance any of the New Deal litigation, including even the AAA. For if the Government, as provided in the Guffey Act, can use its taxing power directly to gain control over wages, hours, and production in the coal industry, that power may similarly be used to gain control in practically any industry."

Putting Arms on Forbidden List

National Munitions Control Board, Guardian of American Neutrality in Event of War Abroad, Will Embargo Exports of Death

Can we stay out?

Another step to prevent this country from being embroiled in a foreign war was set for Tuesday when Secretary of State Cordell Hull met with the National Munitions Control Board.

The Board, recently created under the new neutrality act, is required by law to register, by November 30, every manufacturer and exporter of arms, munitions, and implements of war. Thereafter, it will issue licenses for shipments of any munitions to other nations.

Its object is to help guard this country's neutrality in the event of foreign conflict. Secretary Hull is the Chairman.

If there should be no war, the Board will have no authority to hold up or refuse a license. If there should be a war, it becomes mandatory for the President so to proclaim. Thereafter, no arms could be shipped to a belligerent.

Listing

The Board will designate what "arms, munitions, and implements of war" are included in the law's provisions. This list is expected to form the basis of the munitions embargo which the neutrality act directs the President to declare against shipments to or for any belligerents, "Upon the outbreak or during the progress of war between or among two or more foreign States."

Should Italy and Ethiopia become embroiled in war, the United States ban on munitions shipments might coincide with possible League of Nations sanctions against Italy, even tho the ban is directed against Ethiopia as well. If the list of banned articles were to include such things as cotton and copper, which might be of ultimate military value, it would be more helpful to backers of sanctions.

The provisions setting up the Board, which are contained in Section 2 of the neutrality act, however, have been interpreted by some State Department experts as evidence that Congress did not intend the act to extend to those commodities.

It is generally believed that the list will follow the table of war-articles prescribed in past embargoes.

Comment

With the rumble of war filling the Mediterranean skies, some editors comment that industries connected with munitions making in this country are booming.

The following is an editorial which appeared in the New York *World-Telegram* (Ind.) last week:

" 'Memories are short, and profits and employment are sweet.'—From 'Can We Stay Out of War?', by Ernest Angell, *Harpers*, September, 1935.

"News-dispatches from Waterbury, Connecticut, later in September, 1935:—

" 'Three of the country's largest brass and copper rolling-mills, which furnished much of the raw-material used in munitions making during the World War, have gone on a twenty-four-hour-a-day production basis in the most pronounced spurt in business in six years. . . .

" 'The Chase Co., controlled by Kennecott, which, during the last four years, operated between ten and twelve blast-furnaces, now has thirty furnaces running night and day, and has three shifts of employees in continuous operation. . . .

" 'The American Brass Co., a subsidiary of Anaconda, also running day and night shifts, was reported making large shipments of sheet brass and copper and employing the largest forces of workers in five or six years. . . .

" 'The Scoville Manufacturing Co. during the last week reemployed more than

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To Whom It May Concern

—Strube in The Daily Express *(London)*

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250 skilled workers, boosted operations to twenty-four hours a day, and was said to be ready to resume munitions production on a day's notice. . . .

" 'The Waterbury Tool Co., which makes aviation equipment, was rushing to completion a four-story addition to its plant. . . .

" 'Frank J. Green, secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, declared "the first two weeks in September exceeded any other similar period in the last six years for improved business." '

"Draw your own conclusions."

Mooney in the Head-Lines

Tears shed by Tom Mooney himself marked the opening last week of one more legal skirmish in his nineteen-year-old battle for freedom from life imprisonment. Once more the head-lines beat the familiar refrain of Tom Mooney's case.

Mooney wept, but not because he was weakening. It was "the shock," he said, "coming back here—back to San Francisco, where it all happened."

On the second day, the tears were replaced by shouts. Mooney was back in his old-time form, assertive, even aggressive, hurling accusations at those who had helped convict him of the 1916 Preparedness Day Parade bombing in San Francisco in which ten were killed.

Mooney is graying now, but his face is full, and he appears robust. He sat among the little group which has stuck to him in his fight: his wife, sister, and brother.

One familiar figure was missing, white-haired Mother Mooney. She died two years ago, still believing that her son eventually would be released.

He believes so, too, but not as a result of the new procedure. This took the form of a hearing conducted by a referee on behalf of the California Supreme Court. Expressing doubt that the State Court would free him, the prisoner was confident, however, that the United States Supreme Court "will grant me freedom and vindication."

Wide World

Tom Mooney examining an enlarged photograph which he claims shows he was not at scene of bomb-explosion

Deaths on the Keys Arouse Veterans

Aftermath of Florida Hurricane: Clarion Calls by Hemingway, V.F.W., and General Butler for Investigation; Bonus Issue to Fore

"Who Murdered the Vets?" is the sensational title of an article written by Ernest Hemingway for *The New Masses*, radical weekly, giving the famous fiction-writer's "First-Hand Report on the Florida Hurricane."

Startling as the title is, it but reflects deep resentment among veterans' organizations over the fact that more than 400 "buddies" working on government jobs in the Florida Keys were not evacuated in time to save their lives.

That the disaster may have marked political consequences was indicated last week. Refusing to accept the investigators' report to President Roosevelt that it was "an act of God," and no official negligence was involved, the Veterans of Foreign Wars demanded a Congressional investigation. At the same time, tens of thousands of American Legion men were converging on St. Louis for their annual convention this week, and it was expected that their delegates would voice a similar demand.

Acme

James E. Van Zandt, left, *Commander-in-Chief of Veterans of Foreign Wars, and Maj. Gen. Smedley Darlington Butler, at New Orleans convention*

Questions

Critics declare the veterans had been sent to Florida from Washington to avoid formation of another bonus army such as harried President Hoover. Mr. Hemingway wrote:

"Who sent nearly a thousand War veterans, many of them husky, hard-working, and simply out of luck, but many of them close to the border of pathological cases, to live in frame shacks on the Florida Keys in hurricane months?

"Why were the men not evacuated on Sunday, or, at latest, Monday morning, when it was known there was a possibility of a hurricane striking the Keys, and evacuation was their only possible protection?

"Who advised against sending the train from Miami to evacuate the veterans until four-thirty o'clock on Monday so that it was blown off the tracks before it ever reached the lower camps?

"These are questions that some one will have to answer, and answer satisfactorily, unless the clearing of Anacostia Flats [at Washington] is going to seem an act of kindness compared to the clearing of Upper and Lower Matecumbe."

When the rescue-party, of which Mr. Hemingway was a member, reached Lower Matecumbe, "there were bodies floating in the ferry-slip," and "the island looked like the abandoned bed of a river where the sea had swept it."

"The railroad embankment was gone, and the men who had cowered behind it, and, finally, when the water came, clung to the rails, were all gone with it. You could find them face down and face up in the mangroves. The biggest bunch of the dead were in the tangled, always green, but now brown, mangroves, behind the tank-cars, and the water-towers.

"They hung on there, in shelter, until the wind and the rising water carried them away. They didn't all let go at once, but only when they could hold on no longer. Then, farther on, you found them high in the trees, where the water had swept them."

Ridicule

But the New York *Daily News* (Ind.) ridiculed Mr. Hemingway's line of reasoning.

"Mr. Hemingway doesn't say so in so many words," said *The Daily News*, "but he leaves the clear inference that the Democratic Party . . . murdered the 442 veterans who died when the latest hurricane raked the Florida Keys.

"This seems to us about the limit in the line of ridiculous accusations. But we probably have heard nothing yet. The 1936 Presidential campaign is still young, tho already hot.

"Probably, before it is over, Mr. Roosevelt will have been blamed for worse things than this, and on reasoning much farther fetched than the Hemingway reasoning in this article. . . .

"Hurricanes are twisty and erratic things. We do think the President ought to be excused if he can't place them exactly in advance; ought to be excused even by Reds who are sore because the President didn't leave a bunch of poor vets roosting outside Washington as raw materials for the Reds to work on—which Hoover did, to his own and everybody else's, except the Reds', regret.

"Roosevelt gave these men a better break than they could have gotten if they had been chased back into hobodom. The casualty percentages in the CCC, and other relief organizations, are far lower than the percentage of hobos killed on trains, or by

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peace-officers, or in jungle-brawls, every year."

But the Veterans of Foreign Wars, with a membership of more than a quarter of a million, was not satisfied with the official report of the disaster. At their thirty-sixth annual encampment in New Orleans, delegates adopted unanimously a resolution demanding a Congressional investigation.

Bonus

The issue ranked with the reiterated demand for the bonus—payment of the adjusted service certificates—a fight in which this organization always has taken an aggressive part.

Action on both questions followed many speeches, of which the address of Maj. Gen. Smedley D. Butler, U.S.M.C. (retired), was one of the most bitter. He stripped off his coat before going into action.

"Some time ago," he said, "a lot of veterans came to Washington to work for payment of the bonus, and it was thought a damned clever scheme to gather them up every night, and ship them away to be drowned. Demand a thorough investigation of the whole thing."

General Butler also urged the veterans to forget about the Presidential campaign, and "to keep after the bonus."

"President Roosevelt is going to be re-elected," he said, "so you might as well forget about that. You don't know anything about electing a President, anyway.

"I'll tell you that any man who has $5,000,000,000 to spend can be elected. I can take $5,000,000,000 and elect a Chinaman President. My advice is to go home and elect the right lieutenants [Congressmen] and you'll get your bonus."

That the American Legion, with its membership of approximately 1,000,000, also would demand payment of the bonus was taken as a foregone conclusion. On the eve of the convention in St. Louis, National Commander Frank N. Belgrano, Jr., said:

"There is no question in my mind that the bonus will pass the next Congress in January, and that payments will begin not later than March 1."

Agreement

Many editors agree with the Cleveland *News* (Rep.) that the veterans "are now more certain of getting their bonus promptly than they have been at any time so far."

The New Deal, it says, is finding it increasingly difficult to answer these arguments:

1. The Roosevelt Administration has $4,000,000,000 to distribute as buying-power.
2. Why not use half of this to pay the bonus, because:
3. Viewed as "direct relief," two billions probably will go as far as four billions in work-relief; and because:
4. Since the two-billion bonus must be paid, anyhow, this scheme will hold the government debt to the present four billions, instead of increasing it to six billions.

"There is little chance that those who oppose payment immediately will be able to overcome these arguments with their lone statistical plea that to pay up in full now would be giving the soldiers more than *Uncle Sam* promised."

Schism Among Long's Political Heirs

Machine Weathers Its First Crisis By Writing Its Own Slate After Ex-Pastor Jumps Gun in Race for Power

© International

They take up where Huey Long left off: The Rev. Gerald L. K. Smith, left, *and Gov. Eugene Talmadge of Georgia*

In a swift coup which sent opposition factions into stuttering rage, the Rev. Gerald L. K. Smith last week made a bold bid for political power in Louisiana.

Ignoring a pledge taken the day after Senator Huey P. Long's death by Party leaders to follow Gov. O. K. Allen loyally until he called a caucus to agree upon a slate for the next campaign, the Rev. Mr. Smith maneuvered Lieut. Gov. James A. Noe into announcing his candidacy for the Governorship.

The only surprize about this move was that it had come so soon, not ten days after Senator Long's death. The machine which he had built up to control Louisiana, a one-man machine, with Huey the one man, had split wide open.

But the machine weathered its first crisis—a stormy two-day-and-night caucus over candidacies—yet lost Noe.

The machine's ticket includes:

For Governor—Judge Richard W. Leche of the Court of Appeals.
For United States Senate (full six-year term)—Allen A. Ellender, Speaker of the House of Representatives.
For United States Senate (Long's unexpired term)—Public Service Commissioner Wade O. Martin.
For Lieutenant Governor—Earl K. Long, the late Senator's brother.
For State Treasurer—A. P. Tugwell, Chairman of the State Highway Commission.

Undaunted, anti-Long forces began grooming Representative Cleveland Dear of the Eighth Congressional District for the Governorship. Forty-seven, he is a lawyer at Alexandria, served in the War as a first lieutenant of field artillery, was District Attorney of the Ninth Judicial District of his State for thirteen years, and was elected to the Seventy-third Congress, and reelected to the Seventy-fourth.

Meanwhile, the Rev. Mr. Smith is stumping the State, enthusiastically recommending himself, by word and action, for leadership of the "Share-the-Wealth" movement.

His tactics led to fighting on Sunday night when his protégé, Noe, struck down A. K. Kilpatrick, a Monroe, Louisiana, politician, in a hotel lobby in that city, where the ex-pastor was to have held a mass-meeting. Apparently Smith and Noe had had a falling-out, and Kilpatrick was the nearest man Noe could hit.

Doubts

Many doubt that all will be serene in Louisiana for some time to come.

Forrest Davis, New York *World-Telegram* writer, points out in "Huey Long: A Candid Biography," just issued by the Dodge Publishing Company:

"Long voluntarily left no political heirs, either in Louisiana or the nation, worth the powder to blow them up. Which man in the Long organization—kindly, bewildered O. K. Allen, the subtle Seymour Weiss, immature and blundering Jimmy Noe or Jimmy O'Connor, the resonant Overton or, the shrewdest 'man' of them all, Alice Lee Grosjean—measures knee high to Huey in imagination, daring, implacable nerve, humor, organizational skill or assurance? Which has the genius for catching the public's restless eye?

"To ask the questions is to anticipate the answers. The Long lieutenants in Louisiana, as we have observed them, are lacking in the tough will that it takes to be a Kingfish. Huey ruled alone, he brooked no palace rivals, and it takes no special gift of prophecy to perceive that the Long organization will divide and realine with Long's splenetic enemies before the stone on the tomb is weathered."

Aspirants

Aspirant to Long's Senatorial toga, Wade Omer Martin finished the fourth grade in elementary school at his birthplace, Arnaudville, which, he says, "is as far as they went in those days in South Louisiana." After that, however, his mother tutored him, and he received the Bachelor of Agriculture degree from Louisiana State in 1905.

He held minor political jobs and became a State Public Service Commissioner in 1932. He is six feet tall, weighs 185 pounds, and says: "I have never been sick a day in my life, not even had a headache. If everyone was like me, doctors would starve."

The Rev. Mr. Smith appears to have all the qualifications of a successful cause-promoter. Blond, handsome, thirty-seven, square-jawed, frank-eyed, he is a six footer weighing 200 pounds.

Born in Pardeeville, Wisconsin, Mr. Smith was brought up on the La Follette weekly, to which, according to Kenneth G. Crawford, in the New York *Post*, "he attributes his early tendencies toward political

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liberalism." He is a graduate of Butler University, Indianapolis.

One of his first exploits in civic affairs occurred in 1931, at Shreveport, when, at the height of the depression, he raised a community-chest quota of $200,000 by assessing the wealth of the community. He found that 72 per cent. of the property of the city was held by 218 men and corporations.

Last week, when the convention of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, at New Orleans, was addressed by "Share-the-Burden" Gov. Eugene Talmadge of Georgia, Smith wished to deliver a speech also. Permission to speak from the same platform as Governor Talmadge was refused him.

Studying Political Tracks

Movie and still cameras pointed at him, the President smiles and waves good-by to the cheering crowd from the observation-platform at the rear of his moving train. The crowd out of sight, Mr. Roosevelt retires inside the club-car, leaning on the arm of Gus Gennerich, husky former policeman, who has been his personal guard since 1928.

That is the scene in the Union Station at Washington whenever the President starts on a journey. It is the scene this week as he starts on a campaign and vacation trip.

Leg-men for Washington newspaper and press-association bureaus, envying their more fortunate brethren on the train, rush to telephones, confirming the news which has been written in advance. The President's large sedan returns passengerless to the White House garage.

With the pilot-engine running one mile ahead of the official train, the President is off. "He will make an important speech at Boulder Dam," says the New York *Daily News* (Ind.), "touching undoubtedly on power and public utilities, speak again at a San Diego luncheon, and, as quickly as possible—he hopes within five days after leaving Washington—head into the Pacific aboard the cruiser *Houston*.

"Once on the cruiser, the President will move directly for the fishing-grounds where he spent many hours last summer, later to cruise leisurely through the Panama Canal, and return to Washington some twenty days after leaving the California port."

"The President," says the Washington *Star* (Ind.), "wants to make as many brief stops as possible to shake hands with the local leaders . . . and . . . make brief extemporaneous speeches."

Daily press conferences are held in the President's club-car on the train, which is six or seven cars long. The correspondents have a special club-car, and the other cars are divided between the newspaper men and the official family, which probably will include Stephen Early and Marvin McIntyre, of the White House secretariat.

Every mile of track along the way is minutely inspected by railroad officials wearing dirty jackets and oil-stained overalls over neat suits. While the maintenance chiefs go about their work, the train's chief passenger surveys every mile of the political tracks over which his 1936 campaign train will run.

Constitutionalists on the March

"T. R.'s" Widow Sounds Battle Call as Other Republicans Invoke Bygone Names, But New Dealer Upholds Amendment Right

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Wide World

Defenders of the Constitution: Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Sr., and Col. Frank Knox

"Remember. Remember now."

Wearing a flowing widow's veil, dressed in black relieved only by a corsage of white orchids and a neck-ribbon studded with pearls, Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, widely revered widow of "T. R.," uttered this admonition—to remember the Constitution.

The Women's National Republican Club had heard her sound the key-note for national observance of Constitution Day, September 17. This was her quotation from an address of George Washington:

"The basis of our political system is the right of the people to make and alter their . . . Government, but the Constitution that at any time exists, until changed by the explicit and authentic act of the whole people, is sacredly obligatory on all."

As gage of battle, America's Fundamental Charter was injected into the shaping political scene. Where constitutionalists met, bygone names were invoked by Republican Presidential aspirants.

Among the names were those of Washington, James Madison, Thomas Jefferson, Alexander Hamilton, Benjamin Franklin, John Marshall, and Abraham Lincoln. Among the speakers were Col. Frank Knox, Col. Theodore Roosevelt, and ex-Gov. Frank O. Lowden of Illinois.

Another key-noter was the Republicans' titular head, Herbert Hoover, who spoke over a nation-wide radio hook-up from San Diego. To the Thirty-first President "liberty never dies from direct attack. Liberty dies from the encroachment and disregard of its safeguards."

With this G.O.P. gauntlet on the tilting field, the New Deal Administration chose a lance to join combat. The champion was Daniel Roper, Secretary of Commerce.

Calling the right of amendment the "heart-beat of our constitutional system," he posed "a question that must be answered during the next decade":

"The candid citizen must confess that if the policy of the Government, upon the vital questions affecting the whole people, is to be irrevocably fixed by decisions of the Supreme Court . . . the people will have ceased to be their own rulers."

Constitution Day solos had their obbligatos in an overtone of constitutional arguments in the courts. One of these was the filing of a memorandum by TVA in the Supreme Court. The power-selling Authority expressed willingness that the Court consider all phases of its activity.

Charging that New Dealers are attempting to befog the constitutional issue, Mark Sullivan, Washington commentator, remarked in his syndicated column:

"No opponent of the New Deal, certainly no thoughtful one, takes the position that the Constitution shall never be changed. . . .

"The stand of conservatives is and must be, 'by all means amend the Constitution . . . provided the amendment is made in the regular way, through the process which the Constitution itself sets forth.'"

"As we can now see it, Roosevelt's arbitrary 'big-stick' methods in politics were needed to break down the older traditions of government, and make possible a more ready acceptance of the new social ideas that were growing up."

That sounds as tho it might be a quotation from a twenty-first century history of the United States. It is not. William Kay Wallace wrote that in "Our Obsolete Constitution" (1932). The explanation is this:

"The method of government, inaugurated by Theodore Roosevelt as President . . . was not that of acknowledged constitutional practise. . . . In this, his acts were in keeping with the new spirit of the age."

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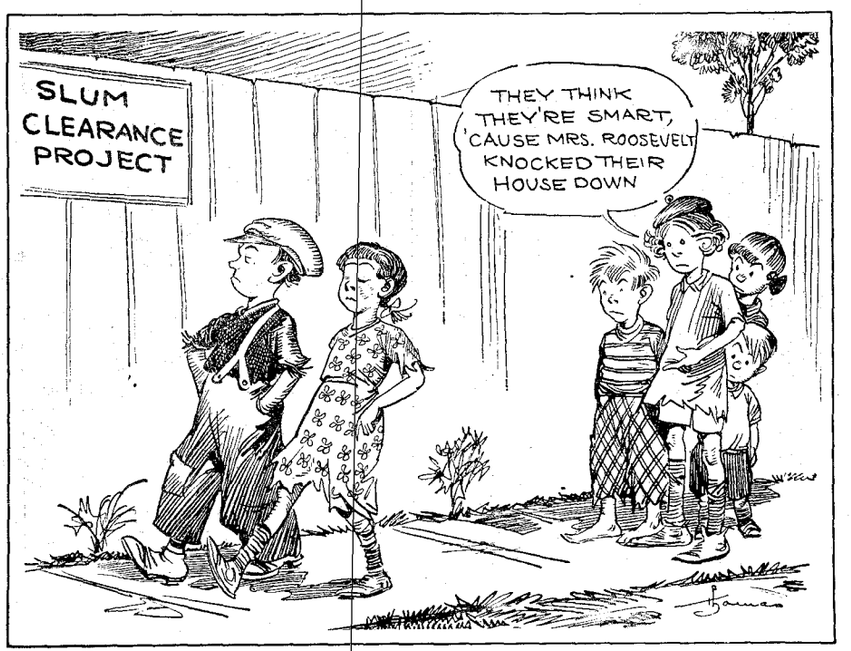
Topics in Brief



In the Public Eye

—Thomas in the Detroit News

BREATHING spell theme-song for business: Anything Goes.—*Buffalo Courier-Express.*

IT takes a mighty good football-team these days to satisfy the drug-store coaches.—*Indianapolis Star.*

FAR from being an art, a growing school of thought wonders if international diplomacy isn't a type of nervousness.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

THE three-person waltz may be hotcha, but it seems to us that a wall-flower will be just as unwelcome in it as in a twosome.—*Dallas Evening News.*

ACTRESS Helen Hayes is fattening herself up to handle the rôle of Queen Victoria. It explodes a rumor that Arliss would play it with a pillow.—*Portland Morning Oregonian.*

THE last book written by Lawrence of Arabia, entitled "The Mint," is priced at $500,000 a copy. At that price no title could be more appropriate.—*Ohio State Journal.*

THE Salvation Army College opened its 1935-1936 session in New York on Friday with the largest number in several years signing up for Tambourine IV.—*Springfield Union.*

THE pronouncements of Mr. Roosevelt continue to be confusing. First it was "Looking Forward," then "On Our Way," and now we're starting to breathe.—*Boston Evening Transcript.*

AMONG the natural causes that carry off dictators is hardening of the opposition.—*Detroit News.*

A NEW YORK theatergoer has to be alert these days; otherwise, after waiting in line for his ticket, he's liable to find he's been picketing.—*Wichita Beacon.*

AN American isn't going to let anybody deprive him of the right to say what he pleases, even tho he's afraid to do it most of the time.—*Atlanta Journal.*

WE have been unable to confirm the report that the medical profession is trying to interest "Spud" Wallace in an apple-control bill.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

CHINA, having built a national textile mill, orders the girls to wear more clothes. It's the old-fashioned new deal, girls, in a kimono.—*Richmond Times-Dispatch.*

ANYHOW, if the Roosevelt Administration did nothing else it caused the Republicans to discover how high a regard they feel for the sound political principles of Thomas Jefferson.—*Southern Lumberman.*

IF the national budget is to be balanced by 1939, as discussed in Washington now, there will have to be drastic changes made in many figures, probably even in the figure 1939.—*Worcester Evening Gazette.*

IN his Whiteface Mountain Highway speech, the President said that "It can be done" were among the most important words in the American language. We prefer "It's done."—*New York Herald Tribune.*

COMMUNISTS and capitalists have one thing in common—both want more than they have.—*Montgomery Advertiser.*

A SURVIVOR of the *Dixie* wreck relates that not once during the ordeal was she seasick. It is what is known as balancing a diet.—*Detroit News.*

IF a fraternity pledge tries deliberately to invite a lot of black and blue marks, let him ask a few questions about the house debt.—*Indianapolis Star.*

IF the works administrations were really ingenious, they wouldn't bother with leaf-raking; they'd have the boys tying them back on.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

THAT asthmatic sound would be the frightened element in business, responding to the White House proclamation of a breathing spell.—*Detroit News.*

ENGINEERS say it would require a 145-mile wind to blow down Washington Monument, which is another reason for Congress to meet indoors.—*Louisville Times.*

To date, at least, no one has improved on the old definition of a reformer as a fellow who insists on his conscience being your guide.—*Memphis Commercial Appeal.*

ANOTHER thing that may help Democratic prospects: The season has closed for Gen. J. Farley to have his picture taken in a bathing-suit.—*Albany Knickerbocker Press.*

YOUNG Frank Parker, who is quitting prep school to devote all his time to tennis, will probably learn a lot that presently he'll wish he hadn't.—*Dallas Morning News.*

THE world's population is increasing, but the world's consumption of food is not increasing, which means more self-restraint, or more belt-holes.—*Louisville Times.*

AN American who recently visited Moscow was placed on an outgoing plane by the authorities five minutes after his arrival. Publication of his book "Soviet Russia from the Inside" is expected shortly.—*Humorist (London).*

IF you like to be staggered, here are some figures that should do the trick for you. If you were to get $24 a minute it would take you 2,000 years to earn the money the Government has spent in the last three years.—*Baudette (Minn.) Region.*

WE don't see very well how the New Jersey judge could have got around declaring that the words "hell" and "damn" are not profanity. Why, with conditions the way they are now, these words are practically indispensable.—*Boston Evening Transcript.*

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War and Peace in the Balance

Rome's Ethiopian Demands Heighten League's Alarm—Fear's Effect on Money and Trade Marts of the World—Britain Accounts for Fleet in Mediterranean

Premier Benito Mussolini's prognathous jaw seemed to relax into a pleasant, tho grim, smile on September 21 when he officially said "no" to the proposals of the League of Nations conciliation committee of five for a solution of the Italo-Ethiopian tangle. Sir Samuel Hoare, Britain's Foreign Secretary and France's Premier Laval, together with other statesmen throughout Europe, breathed more easily.

The committee of five countries—Britain, France, Poland, Spain, and Turkey—is headed by Salvador de Madariaga of Spain.

But the soft-pedal tone of the rejection by the Italian Cabinet Council of the committee of five project suddenly was switched to an ominous note when Premier Mussolini put forth his counter-proposals to the League on September 22 as the price of calling off the Italian military campaign in East Africa. Summarized by John Elliott, Geneva Correspondent of the New York *Herald Tribune*, Italy's demands were that:

1. A large portion of Western Ethiopia would be ceded to Italy so that the Colonies of Eritrea and Italian Somaliland would be joined.

2. Ethiopia would be granted an outlet to the sea, but it must be a corridor to a port in Italian territory, either in Eritrea or Italian Somaliland.

3. A large part of Ethiopia's troops must be disarmed and disbanded, and the rest placed under the control of Italian commanders.

When the proposal became known, it was said, Geneva's hopes of preserving peace by negotiation were rendered nil. League circles were filled with consternation, for these demands were considered at Geneva as "impossible of fulfilment," and this correspondent added:

"If they represent Il Duce's last word, then war in Ethiopia is inevitable."

Reasons

Among the reasons why Mussolini's demands were considered impossible as given by this informant were:

"For one thing, Ethiopia would be entirely surrounded by Italian territory.

"In the second place, acquisition of so much of Ethiopia by Italy would constitute, in British eyes, a threat to Egypt and the Sudan by bringing Italian possessions in close proximity to those regions.

"Third, the outlet to the sea for Ethiopia through Italian soil would put the Ethiopian harbor entirely at Italy's mercy, and the Italians could prevent the Ethiopians from strengthening their military forces by importing arms or other munitions through this port."

The committee of five had offered to cede to Italy the Ogaden and Danakil regions of Ethiopia. This suggestion brought forth the bitter remark from Mussolini to a Rome correspondent of *The Daily Mail* (London) that apparently the committee considered him as a "collector of deserts."

LITERARY DIGEST Photograph

Sir Samuel Hoare (on rostrum) *tells the League Assembly that Great Britain will be "second to none" in defense of the League*

The plan of the committee of five proposed also rehabilitation of public services, financial and economic reorganization, and new activities in the domain of Ethiopian public health. Foreign specialists would reorganize the police and gendarmerie. They would supervise efforts to repress slavery and regulate the carrying of arms by persons outside authorized armed forces, especially in districts where many foreigners dwell.

Foreign advisers would be appointed to act as heads of various Ethiopian departments in the service of King of Kings Haile Selassie I and confirmed by him. A chief adviser, who would be virtual League High Commissioner, would send regular reports to Geneva so that the Council could follow the rehabilitation movements, and make suggestions for the future.

Contempt

Virginio Gayda, Editor of *Giornale d'Italia*, a Rome newspaper very close to Il Duce, was contemptuous of the plan of the committee, as may be judged from the following remarks:

"One might think that the principal concern of Geneva is to stretch a friendly hand to Ethiopia, which has remained in a state of barbarism, disregarding all the moral and juridical engagements she has undertaken and violating all the agreements she has concluded with Italy.

"Ethiopia receives a prize for her misdeeds and is protected because she is barbarous. Italy, instead, should be punished for her tolerance, and left defenseless because she is civilized. By this means, moral principles would be outraged as much as our vital interests. This is not the right way to go about guarding the prestige and asserted justice of the League of Nations."

During the critical days in which we are living, said the New York *Times*, one statesman's guess is apparently as good as another's, but—"it requires no special knowledge or powers of clairvoyance to see that the European Powers are in a state of restrained excitement where an accident may at any moment upset all previous calculations. Let us hope that if it comes, it will be on the side of peace—a lucky accident."

Nightmare

Meanwhile, citizens of the British Commonwealth of Nations spread all over the seven seas woke as from a dreadful nightmare last week with fear of another Great War, this time with Italy.

With characteristic calm they had watched the discussions of the League at Geneva. This calm was ruffled, but not shaken, when Sir Samuel Hoare declared to the Assembly, "the most august body in the world," that Britain had no intention of going single-handed into war with Italy to maintain the principles of the Covenant. Yet he also emphasized the fact that his country would be "second to none" in standing in defense of the Covenant.

But British stoicism trembled when it became known that the Admiralty had dispatched 150 war-ships to the Mediterranean area as a "precautionary" measure. Alarms of war were felt also by all other nations and the war-pulse beat feverishly in money and trade marts throughout the world.

Money

Transactions on the Tokyo and Osaka Stock Exchanges on September 19, according to the Associated Press, reached peaks since the establishment of the exchanges

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fifty-seven years ago. On the strength of the African war-scare, both markets remained open until 6:30 P.M., three and one-half hours beyond their usual closing.

Shares in the Bank of France and of the Suez Canal Company broke widely on the Paris Bourse. Again, evidence that some of the enormous hoard of privately-owned gold in the vaults of London banks was moving out of that refuge for fear of the rising threat of war was provided by an announcement in New York banking circles that $8,200,000 in gold had been engaged in England for shipment to New York.

Marine-insurance rates on shipments in general merchandise into the East African "war-zone," said the United Press at New York, had been increased almost 1,000 per cent. The "war-zone," as defined by a leading maritime-insurance official at New York, consists of Eritrea and Italian, British, and French Somaliland.

Navies

Commenting on the British Fleet's presence in the Mediterranean, *Il Tevere* (Rome) compared the present international situation to that which preceded the World War, and it went on:

"When the atmosphere is surcharged with electricity, mobilization is sufficient to ignite a fire.

"All these British naval forces concentrated in the Mediterranean do not respond to any conceivable necessity."

Concerning the British Fleet concentration in the Mediterranean, an Italian spokesman at Rome told the Associated Press that the British Ambassador, Sir Eric Drummond, had called on Under-Secretary Fulvio Suvich to assure him that the concentration was not directed against any one.

An official communiqué of the British Government stated that Sir Eric had called on Signor Suvich to say that "such measures were taken as the natural consequence of the impression created by the violence of the campaign against the United Kingdom which has been conducted by the Italian press in the last few weeks." The significance of this statement was noted by editors, because the Italian press is closely controlled by Premier Mussolini.

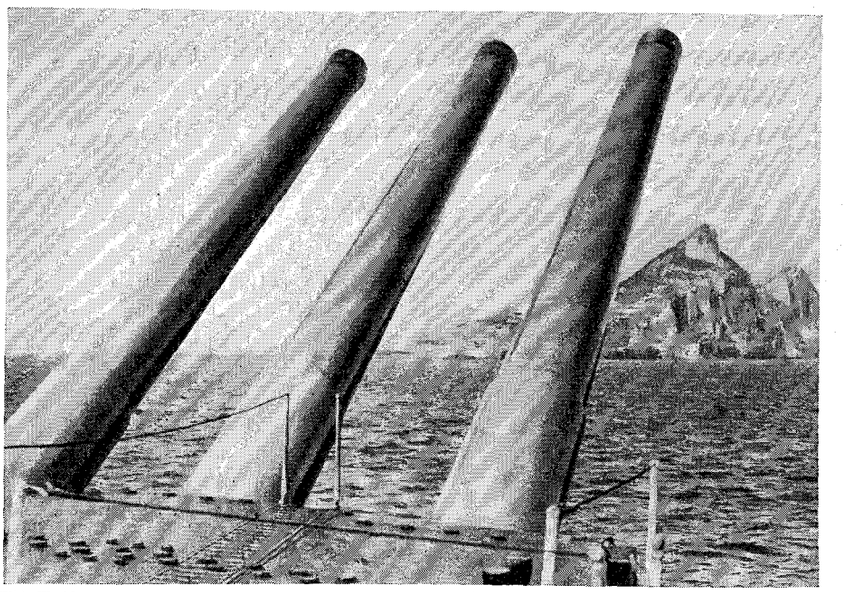
"There will not be a general war now," wrote Vernon McKenzie in a London dispatch to the Montreal *Daily Star*. This belief he expressed after examining a good deal of the evidence, and listening to most of the deductions and rumors. He argued:

"Alliances are too uncertain and precarious. In the last analysis, Britain, and France must let Mussolini have a reasonable fling. The catch is in that word 'reasonable.' They agree that Il Duce is entitled to expansion. But the Italian Dictator himself doesn't want a general war, no matter how bellicosely he sticks out his prognathous jaw. The jaw points south.

"The other important unsatisfied nation in Europe, Germany, certainly doesn't want a war. The Reichswehr, when Hitler signed his ten-year non-aggression pact with Pilsudski, asked for ten years to prepare. Eight have yet to elapse. There'll be war —but not yet!"

Napoleons *vs.* Britain's Navy

England Masses Fleet in Mediterranean to Protect Empire's Interests in Same Way Nelson Defended Them Against Bonaparte



Wide World

Britain's guns at Gibraltar: They're on the flag-ship, Nelson

"It was not an Italian, but a Corsican, who once observed, 'Only in the East can one do great things,' and set out to act upon that romantic and inspiring principle.

"On July 1, 1798, young General Bonaparte landed an army of some 25,000 picked troops, thoroughly-equipped, at Alexandria to begin the conquest of the backward Khedivate of Egypt.

"But the British Navy was just one month behind him. At dusk, on August 1, Nelson's van passed into Aboukir Bay to engage the French squadron, and, at dawn, next day, there was no French squadron."

Once again Britain was mistress of the seas.

Digging into history, the New York *Herald Tribune* last week sought to analyze Napoleon's tragic venture in Egypt in the light of the Mediterranean's present crisis.

Italy was landing more thousands of troops in Lybia and on the shores of the Red Sea in another African enterprise.

Standing by, the British Fleet was ready to protect the Empire's interests just as in 1798, as the Italo-Ethiopian conflict seemed to be overshadowed by a severe clash of interests between London and Rome over colonial ambitions.

The fleets of the two nations are:

Battle-ships—Britain, fifteen; Italy, four.

Heavy cruisers—Britain, eighteen; Italy, seven.

Light cruisers—Britain, seventeen; Italy, twelve.

Destroyers—Britain, fifty-six; Italy, fifty-five.

Submarines—Britain, thirty-six; Italy, forty-eight.

"Altho that line-up would appear to give Britain the edge," commented the New York *Times*, "there are other factors. In the opinion of Dr. Oscar Parkes, for the last seventeen years Editor of 'Jane's Fighting Ships,' authoritative British year-book on the world's navies, big battle-ships would be more of a liability than an asset in the Mediterranean."

Whether England planned to "pinch off" Il Duce's colonial project was a question the world could only guess at; the fact that she had canceled the Home Fleet's North Sea maneuvers, had massed, in fact, the most formidable naval force in the Mediterranean in years, made that guess as good as any.

Through the thickest wall of censorship Britain had imposed since the World War the mighty dreadnoughts of the Home Fleet steamed secretly to Gibraltar, where, as at Malta, the War-time boom was drawn across the harbor, and steel nets strung out as an extra protective measure.

"All along that 'life-line' of the British Empire the tension remains acute," cabled Ferdinand Kuhn, Jr., New York *Times* correspondent in London, "and anywhere —in Malta or the Ægean sea, or along the desert frontiers of Egypt—a single 'incident' may precipitate an explosion."

But if that explosion should come "the British have the heavy guns," *The Herald Tribune* pointed out, "and experience has proved the difficulty of torpedoing or mining a superior fleet out of prepared defensive positions.

"Air-bombing might be more successful, but Italy has no aircraft-carriers; it is nearly 1,000 miles to Port Said from the nearest point of the Italian Peninsula, and a fleet at Port Said would be under the shelter of its shore-based aircraft."

Beyond the Red Sea, in his palace in Addis Ababa, Emperor Haile Selassie called in his advisers to discuss all of these events.

The situation grew more tense, Linton

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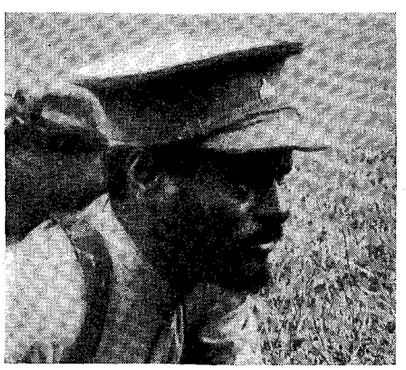

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Sons of Ethiopia

Wells, New York *Herald Tribune* correspondent, wirelessed. Members of the royal family were evacuated to points of safety; mobs of citizens stormed the palace demanding the privilege to bear arms; and at Adowa, scene of Italy's defeat in 1896, military forces retreated to dig in at strategic positions.

The Emperor, who is working twenty hours a day to organize his country's defense, took time off to stage two unique dinners. One was for his warriors; the other for the eighty foreign war-correspondents in the capital.

Raw Meat

For the fierce-looking fighters he served a raw-meat feast—the Guebbeur festival. They dashed up and cut chunks of beef from the warm flanks of slaughtered carcasses. To the Emperor, the United Press said, it was a concession to the savage spirit of his warriors, which until now he had sought to discipline.

For the correspondents Haile Selassie served a European dinner interspersed with Ethiopian delicacies. Casting aside formalities, he urged guests without dress-suits to come anyway. His democratic tendencies and easy communicativeness have made him a popular figure among the writers.

Soldiers of fortune continued to flock to Addis Ababa, adding to the motley conglomeration of faces. More Belgian officers arrived to train the Ethiopian Army. They relish their job as a great tactical military riddle. All urge the irregular tactics of Colonel Lawrence in Arabia.

Both Italian and Ethiopian forces moved into the expected theater of warfare in increasing numbers. For Italy the question of fever and disease was uppermost; for Ethiopia, the question of holding down the impatient warriors.

Many Italian soldiers, racked with fever, are being taken back to the seaports and sent home.

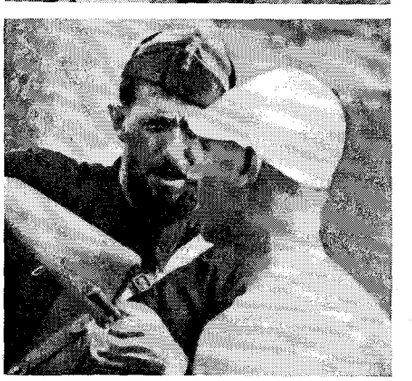
Drugs

"Mussolini's powerful armaments will not win a war in Africa," writes Emile C. Schurmacher, in the *American Druggist*. "His modern drugs and medicinal preparations, conscientiously used, may. . . . Every European army which has invaded Africa in the past has brought disease back with it.

"As early as 212 B.C. when Mussolini's early Roman forbears met the Carthaginian army at the Battle of Syracuse, the Carthaginians (who came from North Africa where Tunis now stands) infected the Romans with smallpox, which they in turn had contracted in Abyssinia.

"Thus did smallpox first spread throughout Europe. Nor has Africa ever failed to strike back with disease and death from that time right down to the Riff war of a few years ago when disease claimed more Spanish victims than did Riff bullets.

"Will history again repeat itself? While asking that question it should be remembered that the defeat of Napoleon's army was due more to disease than military operations."



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Sons of Italy

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When Death Strikes From the Sky

Echoes of Drone of Bombers in Last War Reverberate in Ears of Europeans, With Fears of Gases Adding New Terrors, but Experts Remind That All Offense Has Met Defense

London throbbed under a lazy summer sun. Thirsty cockney War-workers paused in pubs for a pint of bitter beer. In Piccadilly, Army canteens bulged with tea-drinkers. The day was June 14, 1917.

Suddenly, a squadron of German Gothas flashed in from the breeze-whipped Channel. They gleamed like specks of quicksilver. London peered upward, entranced. Then, amusement turned to horror.

Death struck from the skies.

White flames of bursting shrapnel flared. Descending bombs whined eerily. A quarter of an hour later, the death-birds had gone. Londoners came out from hiding to count ninety-seven dead, and 437 injured.

In this spectacular aerial foray, the world had witnessed its nearest vision of modern warfare. By comparison, the earlier Zeppelin night-raids had been mild.

Preparations

Last week, Europe looked back upon those terror-filled days, as it rushed defensive preparations against death from the skies in the next war.

"Parisians, like newly-weds examining suburban bungalows, are busily inspecting oxidized shelters," wrote Frank C. Hanighen in *The New Outlook*.

"Italians are consulting the prices of ambulance service for gases; Germans are laboriously studying the nature and effects of new gases in a most novel way, and Londoners are reading booklets of home remedies for chemical warfare victims. . . ."

In some countries the competition in the sale of gas-masks is so brisk that manufacturers are stressing greater comfort and style in their latest products. A French firm has produced individual gas-huts, and antigas equipment is sold on drug-store counters in Paris.

Paris also has built dugouts in Government Ministries; it has reenforced the catacombs (ancient quarries) to shelter 600,000 people. And at all news-stands an official booklet is on sale explaining how to act in time of an air-raid.

"For death will not march into Paris, London, Vienna, or Berlin in the next war," the Catholic magazine *America* declares. "Death will come from the sky, with gases that sear and suffocate.

"Often less merciful than a deadly serpent, he will give no warning of his approach. Like a thief in the night, he will enter unnoted, and, once he has entered, no one will be able to prevail against him."

Myth

But modern defensive measures, military experts and others insist, will prevail against the aerial invader.

"The wholesale gassing of military forces and civil populations by aircraft," declares John Edwin Hogg, lieutenant in the United States Naval Reserve, in *The Forum*, "is another myth badly overworked by propagandists and pacifists in defiance of the laws of physics.

"There is no poison gas more deadly than those developed during the World War, altho we now have gas-masks that nullify all of them. But, even if there were no gas-masks, it takes unbelievable quantities of gas, very evenly distributed, to build up a sufficient concentration to be dangerous over a very limited area.

"If we may accept the figures of the United States Chemical Warfare Service, it takes 300 pounds of phosgene (carbonyl chlorid) very evenly distributed effectively to gas an area of 100 square yards. To 'wipe out' a city the size of New York, a military enemy would have to pick a day of perfect visibility, with no wind, and put down 28,000,000 pounds of phosgene. To accomplish this little job he would have to have 14,000 bombing-planes with gas-spreading equipment."

Neverthless, the deadly fear that unknown instruments might upset such a hypothesis has made sham air-raids a part of the European scene in the last year.

For example, the blacking out of Berlin was the greatest operation of its kind ever accomplished, states H. R. Knickerbocker, noted European correspondent, in a special article in *Trans-Pacific* (Tokyo).

"For an hour before midnight the city of 5,000,000 was plunged into utter darkness. General Goering flew over the city, and reported it was virtually invisible. . . . In Italy, 900 planes 'attacked' Milan, Turin, and taught the population how to run for cover. Naples was twice blacked out."

But Italy's real experiments center upon the "air city" of Guidonia. There secret planes and antiaircraft guns capable of firing projectiles four to five miles in the air vertically are being developed.

In Rome, ancient wine-cellers of Kings and Popes are being converted into shelters for thousands; and children throughout the land are drilled for air-raids.

Last week, Malta and Tripoli held night mimic air-raids; mystery planes zoomed over Continental testing-fields in the frenzied scramble for air supremacy. In Czechoslovakia and Finland, contractors were compelled to provide bomb-proof shelters in all new buildings. England organized 750 volunteer girl nurses to train for air-raids.

Russia, completing war-maneuvers, dropped a small army in parachutes behind a theoretical enemy line at Kief while factory-workers toiled in gas-masks.

"Spectacular as this may appear to the public," remarks *Army & Navy Journal*, "its value from a military standpoint is doubtful. In the first place, the number of men that can thus be delivered behind the enemy's lines is relatively small, as modern forces go.

"Secondly, such a force would, when it reaches the ground, have no means of transportation except marching. . . . At the present stage it is far from a finished military product, and does not appear to be nearly as effective as other uses of aircraft, such as bombing or ground-strafing."

Wide World

Part of the new Richthofen squadron, pride of Germany's air-force, flying over statue of Icarus near Berlin

Strength

England, Italy, Germany and France are estimated to have about 1,500 first-line military planes apiece; Russia, 2,200; Poland, 700; Czechoslovakia, 500. In time of war, these lethal air-weapons could rain death on 20,000,000 persons crowded in the capitals of those countries.

With 21,000,000 people concentrated in fifty-seven cities, England becomes the most vulnerable nation in Europe. London, with its 8,000,000, is one hour and thirteen minutes' flying-time from the German border. German planes could reach Paris in fifty minutes; Prague in thirteen; Milan, thirty.

Nobody knows all this better than Air Minister Gen Hermann Wilhelm Goering, bulky, gaudy-uniformed "Sword of Hitler." His great mystery air-fleet is the dread of all countries. Even his rise in the War-time German Air Corps was spectacular. In 1915, tired of trench life, he took to the shell-filled skies. The German Crown

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Princess was visiting the front lines. French projectiles exploded at her feet.

Goering, blustery, seething with revenge, as reckless as he is to-day, placed a small trench Mauser on his plane, and went after the impertinent artillery-nest.

When the great ace, Baron Manfred von Richthofen, fell in 1918, young Goering took over command of his redoubtable flying-circus. At the War's end, Germany gave up 18,000 military planes; Goering, defiant, refused to yield his, and flew them deep into German territory.

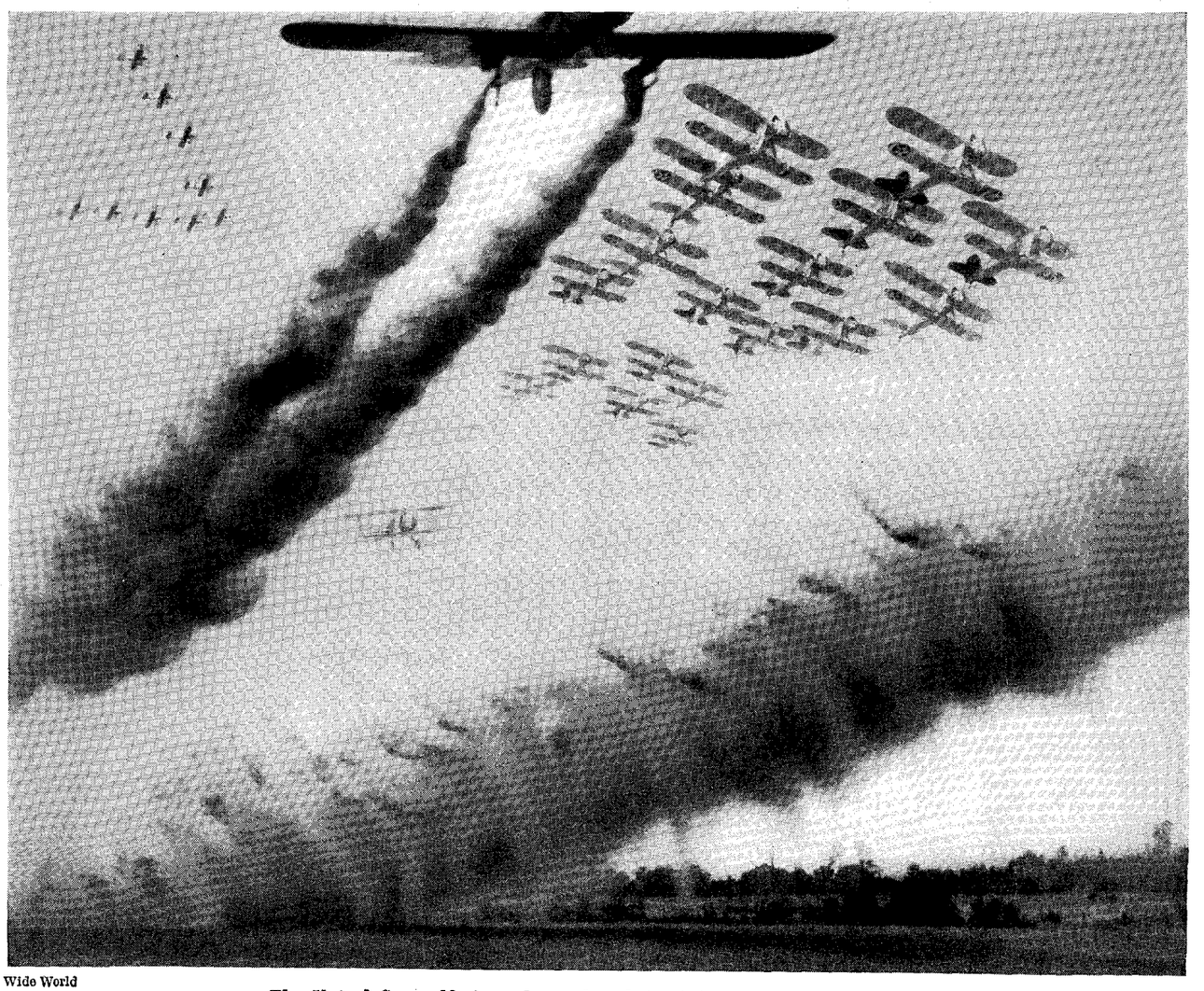
With the same defiance, he built up a private military fleet in violation of the Versailles Treaty.

What would his fleet do in time of war? Ordinary citizens fear the worst, tho some experts consider their fears exaggerated.

"Well-informed military men," writes the military correspondent of the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, "following the progress of recent air-plane and air-ship maneuvers throughout the world, no longer take seriously the forecasts of urban populations perishing wholesale in campaigns to come.

"Up to the present moment, and, indeed, throughout the history of military operations, no device for offensive purposes has ever been invented without finding in time means of sufficient defense against it."

"Parachute Jumper," a photograph by John Paul Pennebaker, from "The United States Camera Annual" exhibition in New York City (see page 30)



Wide World

The United States Marines show what their air-force can do. Squadrons in formation during smoke-drill over the base-camp at Quantico, Virginia

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Memel, Danger-Spot to Peace

Lithuania's President Returns Soft Answer to Hitler's Denunciation Charging "Criminal Treatment" of Germans as Election Nears

Wide World

President Antanas Smetona of Lithuania, and his family

Reichsleader Adolf Hitler's forelock tossed more truculently than usual at the special session of the Reichstag at Nuremberg on September 15 when he declared that Memel was "stolen from Germany, and the robbery legalized by the League of Nations," and has for years tortured Germans "only because they are members of the German nation, and because they wanted to remain Germans."

The German element of Memel, he shouted, has been "treated worse than criminals in other countries."

This section of his address at Nuremberg was taken as a preliminary to the Memel general elections of September 29.

The severance of the Memel Territory from East Prussia by the Versailles Treaty was completed by the allocation of Memel to Lithuania according to the convention of May 8, 1924.

In sharp contrast to the violence of the Hitler speech was a statement issued to the Associated Press by President Antanas Smetona, at his summer residence—his own property—at Palangna, a popular resort not far from Kaunas, seat of the Lithuanian Government.

Lithuania, he declared, was relying to the utmost on the legality and justice of her stand and action in Memel affairs, and was ready at any time to defend her position before the Permanent Court of International Justice at The Hague.

"Memel Territory is not large," said the soft-spoken, bearded, scholarly-looking man, first President of Lithuania and President again since 1926. He added:

"Memel is to us an economic necessity, not a political issue. We are too small a nation to engage in political bargaining as we are too small a country to engage in counter-propaganda. Our only point is that Memel, containing Lithuania's only seaport, is an essential part of Lithuania. And the freedom and preservation of Lithuania is to her people a precious thing."

In *Time & Tide* (London), a Memel correspondent wrote that the resentment of the pro-German population in Memel-land is "enhanced by a strange unawareness of the system which prevails in Germany itself to-day," and this writer, Elizabeth Wiskemann, contrasting Nazi Germany with Lithuania, continued:

"Nazi Germany treats traitors and dissidents more harshly, it censors the press more thoroughly. In addition, it fights Christianity, persecutes Jews, and defaults on its debts, while Lithuania is merely poor, but solvent."

Japan's Pacific Jewels

Hisao Hayashi, Governor of Japan's South Sea Mandated Islands, arrived in Tokyo last week to announce that at the next session of the Diet 35,000,000 yen would be demanded for the development of Japan's jewels of the Pacific. They are the Marianne (or Ladrone) Islands, the Caroline Islands, and the Marshall Islands. [The yen is currently worth nearly thirty cents.]

The Islands were taken from Germany by the Japanese Navy in October, 1914. In 1919 the League placed them under Japanese mandate.

About the time Governor-General Hayashi returned to Tokyo, the League of Nations Mandates Commission at Geneva was declaring that it would like to have further details from Japan on the sums of money already expended for ports in the islands, declaredly for civil purposes.

Meanwhile, as a Geneva correspondent of the New York *Times* pointed out:

"No one mentioned the question of whether Japan's withdrawal from the League six months ago affected the legality of her holding a mandate. By its complete silence on this point, the Assembly seems to have gone far toward deciding tacitly that possession is more than nine points in League law."

Skirmish in India

For Britain It's Again All Quiet on the North-West Frontier

Britain's far-flung battle-line, holding "Dominion over palm and pine," came vividly in view last week from Gibraltar to the North-West Frontier Province in India. A grim procession of war-ships patrolled the Mediterranean, as a "precautionary" measure, while from Peshawar, India, 30,000 Indian and British troops drove rebellious tribesmen back into their own territory through the Nahakki Pass.

What *The Calcutta Statesman* described as "another spot of trouble," on the Frontier, began several weeks ago when groups of rebellious natives, numbering about 2,000, concentrated near the Gandab Road, and started to tear it up. The road runs north of Peshawar through barren hills to the Pass.

"Splendid"

Brig.-Gen. Claude J. E. Auchinleck, D.S.O., in command of the British and Indian troops, referred to the progress of his brigade as "a splendid achievement" in the face of long-range firing by foes on the troops, who were not hit. The Governor of the North-West Frontier Province, Lt.-Col. Sir Ralph E. H. Griffith, K.C.S.I., according to the Associated Press at Peshawar, took a step contrary to ordinary military custom by warning the tribes in advance of the troops' objectives, asserting the march would be made whether there was any resistance or not.

The success of the British Indian punitive force was reported on September 18 from Nahakki. There was no opposition from the hostile Mohmand tribesmen, who had vanished before the advancing troops.

When the first soldiers mounted the precipitous peaks surrounding the Kamalai Plain, wrote a Nahakki correspondent of the New York *Times*, they saw armed tribesmen skulking through nullahs (ravines), and a group of six villagers waving a white flag beside the wall of their village fortress.

Episode

The dispatch added:

"The closing episode of this remarkable campaign was a picturesque and dramatic scene after nightfall, creating a novel adventure for the troops. Late at night the force of British and Indian troops left their camps at Ghalanai, and elsewhere, to carry out the operation of seizing the Nahakki Pass, and capturing the heights on either side. The half-moon hung in a clear sky, and the outlines of the precipitous peaks were sharp in the still night.

"The main operation was scaling the heights east and west of the Pass, towering 3,000 feet above the floor of the valley in which Yusuf Kehl is situated. Two battalions of the Peshawar Brigade, and two battalions of the Nowshera Brigade climbed these heights in the dark, and dawn found them occupying the positions strongly held by the tribesmen only two days before."

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Manuel Quezon, President

Farmer's Son, "the Patrick Henry of the Philippines," Becomes First Head of New Commonwealth—MacArthur Going From Post of Chief of Staff to Organize Islands' Defenses

"I am a farmer's son, born on the soil, born poor and without influential friends, reared in one of the remotest villages in these islands, compelled to climb over trackless mountains to come to college in Manila."

In these terse lines Manuel Luis Quezon, "the Patrick Henry of the Philippines," ten years ago summed up the beginnings of a career which reached its high mark of attainment on September 17 when he was elected the first President of the new Philippine Commonwealth. The next day was the fifty-seventh anniversary of his birth.

By twenty years of "signal service in the cause of his country" many American editors agreed that the former President of the Philippine Senate "fully earned this highest office in the new governmental set-up at Manila."

Smile

He came to Washington in 1909 as Resident Philippine Commissioner, wearing a jaunty red beret and a smile so beguiling that it dazzled Woodrow Wilson into writing in the Democratic platform a straight-out declaration for Philippine independence. With his bright, bird-like eyes Quezon impressed everybody with the keenness of his perception and the brilliancy of his conversation.

A characteristic gesture noted of him was that he habitually pushed his loose, gray hair back from his high forehead as he talked. Many a person who began cautiously to discuss with him some question in a roundabout way was surprized to find Quezon suddenly tearing away all disguise of circumlocution and "putting his cards on the table."

The President-elect of the Philippines has the reputation of being an extremely clever poker player, altho he does not play cards often. At fifty-seven years of age, a man of wide culture and manifold resource, he enters upon his new responsibilities. Madame Quezon, his wife, is an artist and a linguist and was educated in the United States. As Lemuel Parton once wrote of Quezon in the New York *Sun:*

"Like the general run of Napoleons, he is small and intense, but he reveals none of the Napoleonic paranoias or dementias. An intense patriot, he has been the least insular of Philippine statesmen, sensitively responsive to the realities of the modern world and fully alive to the fact that the Battle of Manila was a transition into that world."

Portrait

Another pen-portrait of Quezon, drawn by the United Press, speaks of him as having the traits of a born leader, and "combining the skill of Spanish, Malay, and American political technique." He has been known for courage, quick thought and

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Manuel Quezon, father of his country

persistence, and his love of political strife caused him at times to be referred to as "the Irishman of the Philippines."

Señor Quezon's running-mate for the Vice Presidency, Senator Sergio Osmeña apparently was the stronger individual candidate, as in the earliest returns he was leading Quezon in the popular vote by a ratio of 3 to 2.

The defeated candidates for the Presidency were Gen. Emilio Aguinaldo, sixty-six-year-old leader of the 1898-1901 insurrection against the United States and President of the short-lived Philippine Republic; and Bishop Gregorio Aglipay, head of the independent Philippines Catholic Church.

A Manila Associated Press cable stated that incomplete returns from forty-two of fifty Provinces and other administrative districts, including Manila complete, gave Senator Quezon 204,908; General Aguinaldo, 68,318, and Bishop Aglipay, 37,192.

Returns indicated the Quezon adherents had won a majority of ninety-eight seats in the single House of the National Assembly.

Acting as unofficial referee of the elections, these cables further related, was Gov. Gen. Frank Murphy, who will be Resident High Commissioner of the Commonwealth when establishment of the new Government on November 15, the date on which Senator Quezon assumes office, abolishes Mr. Murphy's present position.

On that date Quezon will take office to serve six years at an annual salary of $15,000. The Commonwealth Government will be inaugurated as a ten-year prelude to independence.

Defenses

Among distinguished Americans who will attend inauguration ceremonies at Manila will be Gen. Douglas MacArthur, who announced on September 18 that he would retire as Chief of Staff of the United States Army on December 15 to undertake the task of organizing the military defenses of the Commonwealth Government. Washington dispatches told that President Roosevelt had detailed General MacArthur to the assignment at the urgent request of President-elect Quezon.

Quezon and Osmeña were backed by the only two important parties in Philippine politics, which formed a coalition. In a statement issued after the polling President-elect Quezon said:

Faith

"The results of the election show that our people have placed their faith in the platform and men of the Coalition. In this hour of triumph, I am thinking only of the great task before me. I seek God's help in meeting the grave responsibility which has been placed on my shoulders. My heart goes out to the people in deep gratitude for thus generously honoring me."

Sporadic disorder in the first election detracted from an otherwise auspicious beginning for the new State, thought the Washington *Post* (Ind.), but—

"It was not so extensive as to cause alarm. Of infinitely greater importance will be the reaction of the people to sacrifices that must follow as the Philippines progress toward complete independence. Congratulations to President Quezon on his election must necessarily be tempered, therefore, by a feeling of sympathy growing out of the magnitude of the problems he must meet."

Political independence without economic independence, said the New York *World-Telegram* (Ind.) warningly, "will prove a mirage" and it continued:

"President Quezon and other leaders have warned that some of the trade arrangements now, or soon to be, in force between our country and theirs demand adjustment.

"In all justice we must listen to what they have to say."

In a gloomy tone *The Jersey Journal* (Ind.-Rep.) argued that the Philippine Legislature, in "barring women and illiterates from the ballot has probably laid the groundwork for lots of trouble for itself in coming years."

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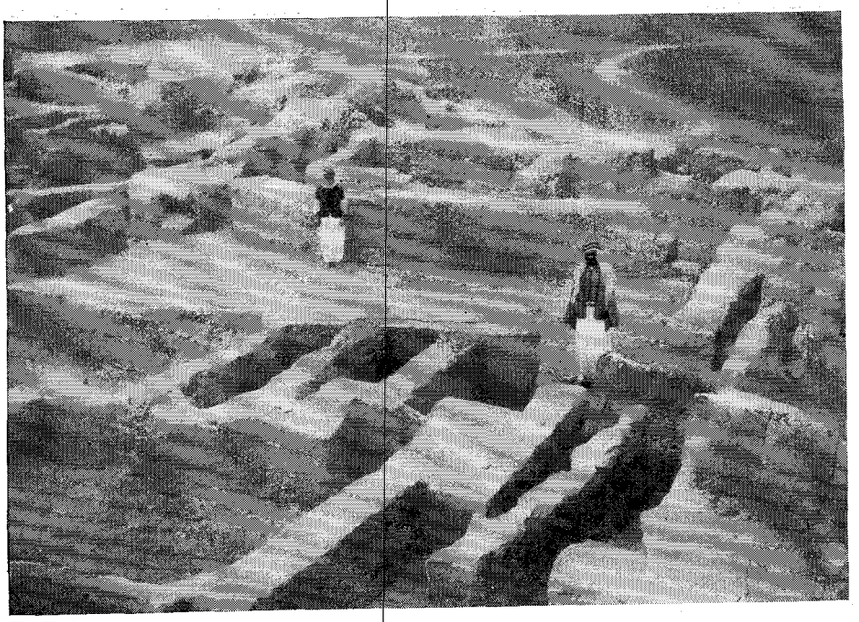
Oldest Unfinished Dinner

It Took an Archeologist to Rescue From a Clay Oven a Pot of Lamb Stew Set to Cook by a Housewife of Unknown Race Six Thousand Years Ago at Tepe Gawra



This Week

Part of a temple in a city built 6,000 years ago, and recently discovered underneath eleven other cities at Tepe Gawra, Mesopotamia

Sixty centuries ago a housewife, name and race unknown, set a pot of lamb stew cooking in her clay oven near the Tigris River, in the midst of a little city whose name has been forgotten.

A few minutes later she fled for her life, and never returned. The débris of centuries covered that pot of lamb stew, safe in its oven. Eleven successive cities were built over it, piling the city-site into a long, low, flat-topped hill, a landmark for miles around, a monument of the centuries.

In 1927, archeologists began attacking the mound, wondering what was in it. Eight years they dug, and, last year, shovels finally reached the little clay oven, bringing to light the long-buried pot of lamb stew and its mute tale of tragedy.

"Archeology," said *The Woman's Home Companion* last month, "must be, for most of the time, a plodding wearisome business . . . waiting months, years, perhaps a whole lifetime, for a discovery of genuine significance . . . digging and scraping in the dust.

"And then, suddenly, in that dust, glittering like gold nuggets in a stream, lies uncovered the treasure, the secret, the wonder sought for, hidden for centuries from the eyes of all, and now revealed to one lucky man. Lucky, yes. But also bold, patient, thorough, studious, and resolute, and so deserving of luck."

Lucky Man

Last year's lucky man was Charles Bache, a slim, slight, curly-haired Philadelphian, who, early in October, will resume digging into the past in Mesopotamia.

As field director of an expedition backed jointly by the University Museum of Philadelphia and the American School of Oriental Research, he has sliced down through a layer of brick-strewn soil into 6,000 years ago. He has caught the modern world's first tantalizing glimpses of the life of a mysterious and important people long gone from the earth.

"In the sixth millennium before Christ," explains Jotham Johnson of the University Museum in the October *Scientific American*, "a migrating horde swept from the East over India, Persia, and Mesopotamia. . . . Wherever their remains have been found, they lie at the bottom of all other identifiable human remains. . . .

"For lack of any better description they may be called the 'painted pottery peoples.' Yet, in the history of mankind, no race now presents at once so potentially important a position together with so deep a mystery. It will call for the intense archeological endeavors of many scholars for the next generation."

These were the people into whose uppermost city-level Mr. Bache sliced last year, at the "great mound" known as Tepe Gawra, on the east bank of the Tigris River, fourteen miles down-stream from the ruins of the ancient Assyrian metropolis Nineveh. The mound was an artificial structure, composed of layer after layer of the ruins of ancient cities.

Account

The archeologist himself thus told the story recently in *This Week*, syndicated magazine:

"We began at the top, and worked downward. The topmost ruin, which was hidden under a thin layer of soil deposited by centuries of wind-storms, was a single structure, seemingly a watch-tower.

"But, a few feet underneath it, we came upon four small buildings, arranged around a court. The construction was of mud-brick.

"Each level, as it was excavated, was carefully studied as to architectural detail. All its features were photographed inside and out, and the pottery, ornaments, tools, and other relics carefully removed and preserved. Then the walls were demolished —the heavy rains would eventually destroy the soft brick anyhow—and the ground cleared for the unearthing of the next layer.

"In this way we have progressed through twelve layers—twelve successive cities—twelve superimposed civilizations — and have been rewarded with wonderful finds, increasingly so as we penetrated deeper into the mound."

Age

At the sixth level were copperware and seal-cylinders of the same kind as found at Ur, 3000 to 2600 B.C. This enabled the archeologist to date the level as at least 4,500 years old. Anything found below it would be even older. Taking the depth of the accumulations into consideration, he concluded that the city of the twelfth level was inhabited 6,000 years ago, and therefore is the oldest known city.

"The architecture of this twelfth-level city far surpasses that of the later cities which surmounted it. The walls are thicker and more massively built. Particularly interesting was a large central structure, a room about thirty feet long and fourteen wide. We call it the White Room, because its walls are finished in white plaster—the earliest evidence we have of the use of lime.

Cosmetics

"Many painted pots were found in this White Room . . . and we believe that here we have reached the period of the 'painted pottery peoples.'"

These people lived before the time of written records, so the conditions of their life must be inferred from the relics they left. The archeologists found many spindle-whorls, and impressions of woven cloth, and suggested that they were acquainted with spinning and weaving. They had no metal, but a variety of well-made stone tools. The idea of private property was already established. Owners stamped their property with seals, of which many were found. A slender little vase turned up by the pick of a workman contained kohl, a cosmetic with which some far-away beauty darkened her eyelids. On one of the painted pots was found the images of a man, a woman, and a serpent—a 6,000-year-old version of the story of Adam and Eve.

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Curing the "Doomed"

Abstruse Pick's Disease Yields to Deftly Wielded Scalpel

On the operating-table at Massachusetts General Hospital, Boston, lay an eighteen-year-old girl. Semi-invalid, she had suffered, for more than ten years, from a heart-ailment called Pick's Disease. She was unable to attend school, and had spent a good part of her life in clinics and hospitals.

She was anesthetized, her chest laid open, the heart and the fibrous bag that surrounds it—the pericardium—exposed. Then Dr. E. D. Churchill, bold, yet cautious, cut away, with deft, steady fingers, a portion of the pericardium as large as the palm of his hand.

Within a few weeks, the patient lost all the symptoms of the disease that had kept her bedridden for years.

That was seven years ago, and she has been healthy and active since, reported Dr. Paul D. White, a colleague of Doctor Churchill's, last week in the British medical journal, *The Lancet*. Hers was the first case of Pick's Disease successfully treated by surgery.

Since then, Doctor Churchill has cured five more. Dr. Claud Beck, of Cleveland, has reported five patients cured and one improved. At Nashville, Dr. Charles S. Burwell has "greatly relieved" three patients, and partly relieved two others.

"Cure is now possible by surgery," reported Doctor White, "and an imposing number of successful cases is being accumulated."

"In Pick's Disease [named after Friedel Pick, a Prague physician who died in 1926], the wall of the pericardium thickens and becomes so contracted that it constricts the heart," explains *Science Service*. "Patients are doomed by this disease to an untimely death, or, at best, to a life of invalidism."

Scarlet Fever Yields Serum

Two Chicago doctors had an important idea in 1931:

Some types of septic, complicated scarlet fever are very closely related to the dangerous, dramatic, and often-fatal infections of the hemolytic (blood-destroying) streptococcus.

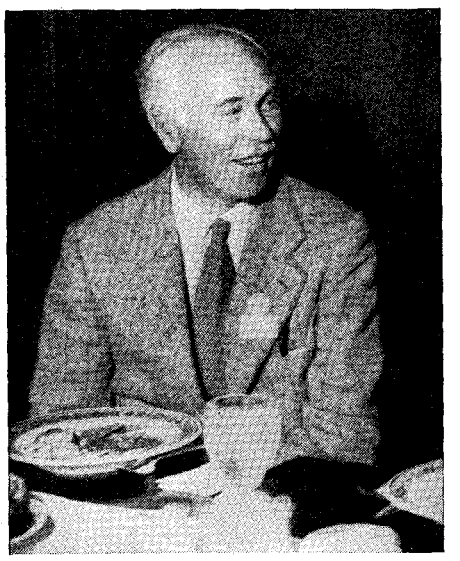
Considering this fact, Drs. William Thalhimer and Sidney O. Levinson reported last week in *The Journal of the American Medical Association* that they recommended, four years ago, that a serum made from convalescent scarlet-fever patients be used in the treatment of streptococcus infections.

One hundred and twenty-two patients have since received this serum.

"In 11 per cent. of the cases treated, the response was considered excellent," said Doctors Thalhimer and Levinson. "In 44 per cent. a good effect was reported. This gives a total of 55 per cent. of the patients who were undoubtedly benefited by the serum treatment."

Forecasting Artificial Radium

British Scientist Carries On Wellsian Prophecy That Man Will Break Atoms Into Simpler Atoms, Ancient Alchemist's Dream



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Wide World

Doctor Aston of England (left) *foresees man making gold, while Professor Lawrence of America invents an ingenious contraption*

"To make gold, one must start with gold."

To-day, it is not Bernard Trevisan's alchemistic gold of 450 years ago which interests the modern scientist, but transmutation to create a far more precious substance—radium.

Trevisan's despairing cry summarized the disillusionment of all honest alchemists. In a lifetime, the smoldering-eyed Italian wizard frittered away a fortune amid his retorts, crucibles, and furnaces trying to turn dross to gold. He died believing that only like begets like.

"I foresee a time, not immeasurably far distant, when it will be possible for us to synthetize any element whatever, wherever, and whenever we please."

Dr. Francis W. Aston, of Trinity College, Cambridge, England, tall, thin, slightly grizzled modern chemist, thus denied Trevisan's dictum before the British Association for the Advancement of Science.

"Nowhere has the scientist more spectacularly beaten nature than in the imitation of radium," declared *The Morning Post* (London), commenting on Doctor Aston's address.

"It was in 1913 that H. G. Wells ventured the prophecy that in the year 1933 man would first imitate the then mysterious power of radium atoms to break down into simpler atoms, in the process throwing off useful radiation.

"In 1933, the very year which Mr. Wells so rashly mentioned, the discovery of artificial radium was made—appropriately enough by Irène Curie, the discoverer of radium, and her husband M. Joliot."

Doctor Aston began his scientific career in the Cambridge laboratory of the famous British physicist, Sir Joseph John Thomson, before the War. In 1919, he invented the "mass spectrograph," an instrument which separates, by magnetic means, rapidly flying particles of different weights, or "masses."

With this apparatus he was able to prove that many "elements" known to chemistry really consist of mixtures of several elements, all with the same chemical behavior, but differing in physical construction. Such elements he named "isotopes."

For this he received the Nobel prize for chemistry (1922). An improved version of his mass spectrograph at New York University was used by Dr. Harold C. Urey, American chemist, to discover "heavy hydrogen," an isotope of ordinary hydrogen, in 1931.

American

More recently, Prof. Ernest O. Lawrence, of the University of California, using the new heavy hydrogen to provide projectiles for atomic bombardment, produced radio-sodium. This yields the most powerful radiation so far observed. Sodium is the metallic element in common table-salt.

Professor Lawrence was described in *The New Outlook* as "a thirty-three-year-old, bespectacled, black-haired South Dakotan who has invented one of the most ingenious contraptions for hurling atomic particles at high speeds ever contrived."

Last week *Science Service* announced that Professor Lawrence's eighty-ton "cyclotron," as the apparatus is called, was undergoing extensive improvement at his University of California laboratory in Berkeley. Another, with his cooperation, is being built at the University of Rochester.

Professor Lawrence recently told the American Chemical Society that radio-sodium would soon be available in sufficient quantity to permit medical experiments.

"I hesitate to express views in this direction," he said, "but some of my medical colleagues think it quite possible that the discovery of artificial radioactivity will ultimately be of greater importance to medicine than the discovery of natural radioactivity."

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Saving the New "Lost Generation"

Just as the War Had Its Spiritual Casualties, So Does the Economic Abyss Take Its Victims—Hence the Five-Year Program for Care and Education of Youth

Acme

They'll stand behind American youth—left to right: *Dorothy Canfield Fisher, Lotus D. Coffman, George F. Zook* (standing), *Newton D. Baker, and Homer P. Rainey*

Fifteen years ago, talking about the spiritual casuals of the World War, Gertrude Stein said to Ernest Hemingway: "You are all a lost generation."

More years ago than that, George Frederick Zook put down his pitchfork and milking-stool to go to college. He landed at the University of Kansas with $46.50 in his pocket, but hung on long enough to get his A.B. At Cornell University he earned a Ph.D., and, in later years, Ohio Wesleyan awarded him an honorary degree.

Perhaps it is because of his own early struggles that Doctor Zook, who later became United States Commissioner of Education, and now is President of the American Council on Education, is interested in the young people robbed of their birthright by the Great Depression. They, too, are spiritual casuals, as were those who were disinherited after the World War.

Last week, Doctor Zook called a meeting of the American Council on Education, and, with the blessing of President Roosevelt, inaugurated a five-year program for the care and education of American youth. The expenses will be paid out of a grant of $800,000 from the General Education Board, a Rockefeller Foundation.

Serving

Dr. Homer Price Rainey, thirty-nine-year-old President of Bucknell University, and nationally known for sponsoring the modern type of education, was named Director of the Youth Commission, which the Council created. Thus it is that a former farm-boy and a city lad—Doctor Rainey was born in Clarksville, Texas—who gave up a promising baseball career to take up education, are thrown together to help save another generation.

Among the fourteen men and women who have accepted invitations to serve with them on the Youth Commission are Newton D. Baker, former Secretary of War; Dorothy Canfield Fisher, author; William F. Russell, Dean of Teachers College, Columbia University; Robert M. Hutchins, President of the University of Chicago; Henry I. Harriman, former President of the United States Chamber of Commerce; Lotus D. Coffman, President of the University of Minnesota; Chester H. Rowell, Editor of the San Francisco *Chronicle*, and Matthew Woll, Vice President of the American Federation of Labor.

"The whole social structure is threatened unless something is done," said Doctor Zook to the members of the Commission, and Doctor Rainey echoed a general opinion when he said that the task was of vast and almost baffling proportions.

Discussion

What the boys and girls of to-day are headed for unless aid comes may be seen in a recent discussion in *Harper's Magazine* of the effects of unemployment, and the depression, on the younger generation by George R. Leighton and Richard Hellman.

When a young man, born and bred in the tradition that America is the land of hope and opportunity, can not find employment, they write, "the energy which he would normally expend through participation in the processes of production finds no outlet. He stagnates. His tissues weaken with forced passivity. His morale sags.

"And his determination becomes increasingly flaccid. Decadence of morale strikes him at the moment when he is beginning the most essential process of his adult life, earning a living. There is no job!

"From the time he leaves school, the young man of the lost generation finds that his world goes into reverse. First he gets no job. Economically debilitated, he can neither sustain his spirit of independence nor express his initiative.

"Then the Devil begins to wreak his evil. The young man undergoes a profound spiritual metamorphosis. For underlying the need of a position, of the desire to marry and to establish a home, are powerful and fundamental forces. Their abuse may cause serious disturbances to the physical and mental health of the individual."

What may happen?

"If society does not offer a man or woman the opportunity to pursue a normal life, his only alternative is to preserve his existence by violence. When a generation, numbering into the millions, has gone so far in decay that it acts without thought of social responsibility, the name for this condition is not Socialism, but collective anarchy.

"Assuming the unmitigated demoralization of these people, American society may find itself in the throes of this pathology within another generation. The lost generation is even now rotting before our eyes."

The time to help is now, for, say the writers:

"In the first place, through physical deterioration, due to malnutrition, a rising percentage of young people absorb instruction with great difficulty. In the second place, school funds are shrinking. There is less school than there was, or, if schools are available, other reasons prevent attendance."

It is no time for temporizing or for palliatives. "Rot spreads."

Philosophy

A more philosophic view is taken by the Washington *Evening Star* (Ind.), which observes that the difficulty is not new.

"Indeed, the difference between the adjustment troubles of the latest generation and those of their forerunners is solely one of degree, not kind. Every period of history has had its quota of obstacles and hindrances, its wars, revolutions, famines, plagues, mental and spiritual reactions.

"The world always has been a bog for those willing to be caught in it. Recognition of that sobering truth is one of the factors necessary for a proper comprehension of the task with which society, as a whole, must deal. . . .

"Perhaps a gentler, more tolerant, more sympathetic, civilization is to be the eventual fruit of processes now operative. If so, the boys and girls of the quagmired generation may be men and women of nobler character and more chivalrous intelligence than their theoretically more fortunate seniors.

"Edmund Burke, a man wise in the science of humanity, summed up the possibilities when he spoke of difficulty as being 'a source of greatness.' Suffering, disappointment, and seeming failure, so viewed, are assets not to be despised."

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Paying Board in Jail

Michigan to Reimburse Itself From Convicts' Estates

Honest taxpayers of Michigan no longer are required to pay all the upkeep of convicted criminals. At its last session, the State Legislature enacted a law providing that, if they are financially able, convicts must pay to the State the cost of keeping them under lock and key.

The law is modeled on the statutes in effect in several States, including Michigan and New York, under which inmates of asylums for the insane are required, when able, to pay for their maintenance.

Collections

Under Michigan's new law, the State may seek to reimburse itself for the cost of either old or new inmates. It is provided that proceedings "may be begun at any time after admittance" to penal institutions, and collections may be made over the entire period of confinement.

According to *Correction*, the monthly bulletin of the New York State Department of Correction, "whenever a person is admitted to a prison, the Attorney General may file in the sentencing court a claim against the new inmate's estate. Upon court order, the estate or property becomes liably to levy. Collections may be enforced in the usual way through foreclosure proceedings, but properties must not be sold at foreclosure until after sixty days have lapsed after a final court decree.

Welfare

"All prison wardens and local law-enforcement officials are required to furnish, on request, 'all information available on the financial responsibility of said prisoner,' and the Attorney General or county prosecutors are empowered to ask for a guardian for the inmate."

Inmates having small estates and dependents will continue to have their keep paid for by the State. "We will be careful not to levy upon an estate if it would force an inmate's family to seek welfare assistance," said John J. O'Hara, Auditor General of Michigan, who advocated passage of the new law. "Such a situation would not benefit the State."

Comment

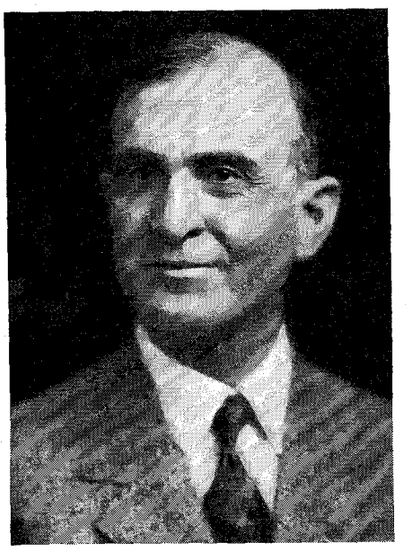
Commenting on the new Michigan law, the New York *Sun* says:

"It is obviously just to require felons able to do so without pauperizing their families to pay their way in prison. Naturally, the professional criminal may be expected to hide his estate as well as he can, but concealed assets may sometimes be found by diligent search.

"There is one danger against which precaution must be taken; it is that convicts well-supplied with money may buy privileges they should not enjoy. However, as they often do so now, this possibility is not a reason for refusing to lift from honest citizens a part of the burden criminals impose on them."

Pew Defies Pulpit

Resenting Clerical Criticism of Public Utilities, Manager of Chicago Light Company Bows Himself Out of Methodist Communion



Dr. L. O. Hartman, Editor of Zion's Herald, *who wields a .45 caliber pen*

Rebellion has broken out in the pew again. Tired of bombardment of the public utilities from the churches, Burt J. Denman, fifty-nine-year-old Vice President and General Manager of the United Light & Power Co., Chicago, has defied the pulpit, and bowed himself out of the Methodist Church.

His withdrawal from the communion in which he had long been a power is an aftermath of the so-called "Red hunt" started by a group of prominent Methodist laymen in Chicago on July 29 (The Literary Digest, August 31).

Mr. Denman takes particular exception to an editorial by Dr. Lewis Oliver Hartman, Editor of *Zion's Herald* (Methodist), who stands six feet and wields a .45 caliber pen. None of the Methodist editors is quicker on the editorial draw than this minister, teacher, and author, who writes D.D. and Ph.D. after his name.

His present opponent, on the other hand, is shy of publicity, and, outside of office-hours, spends his nervous energy in a little golf, or a quiet canter. Now he is drawn into a fray he considers of others' making, and declares his willingness to fight.

Whether his rebellious spirit will prove contagious depends, to some extent, on the power of example; more, perhaps, on the attitude of the Methodist ministry and editors toward the conservative laity.

With Henry S. Henschen, of Winnetka, Illinois, Chairman; T. W. Appleby, President of the Ohio National Life Insurance Company, Cincinnati; Arthur M. Hyde, of Trenton, Missouri, former United States Secretary of Agriculture, and others, Mr. Denman was a member of the executive committee of the group of Methodist laymen who began the campaign to "keep a watchful eye on radicals within the Methodist communion."

It was the sense of the group, it will be recalled, "that when the pulpit and the religious press substitute economic and social systems for the Christian ideal of individual responsibility and freedom of choice, they are losing sight of their fundamental objectives"—preaching the Gospel and building Christian character.

Doctor Hartman's comment was that "there is a very serious misinterpretation of the Gospel in the clear intent of these laymen to espouse individualism in religion, and to eliminate what is commonly known as 'social Christianity.' . . . 'The message of the Church,' they say, 'is personal, individual.' Good! But this is a half-truth. The message of the Church is also social. Who can read the Bible with an open mind and deny that fact?"

Gage of Battle

Taking up the challenge, Mr. Denman wrote to Doctor Hartman, as the correspondence appears in *Zion's Herald:*

"In my opinion, it is the function of the Church to endeavor to make the motives of men more Christlike, rather than to concern itself with political and economic systems. If Socialism and Communism are under the control of greedy, incompetent, and dishonest men, the resulting social, industrial, and political systems will, to say the least, be no better than our present systems.

"To turn my industry over to dishonest and incompetent politicians will not improve that industry, and the service which it is rendering—and that is just what you propose to do. I can no longer support such an effort.

"I quite appreciate that we have fallen far short of accomplishing many desirable social reforms, but no exotic system which you may advocate has approximated the social results which Christian business men in the United States have attained."

Reply

Replying, Doctor Hartman said, in part:

"Turning to the broader question of Gospel interpretation, I see your point of view, and the importance of your emphasis upon personal religion, but I think it is a half-truth. I quite agree with you that 'if Socialism and Communism are under the control of greedy, incompetent, and dishonest men, the resulting social, industrial, and political systems will, to say the least, be no better than our present systems'; but, on the other hand, I am appalled by the view set forth in the laymen's statement which bids us let social questions alone, since economic and social systems 'are the result of social evolution,' and are 'mechanistic in character, impersonal in operation, and not primarily interested in men and women, nor in their hopes, aspirations, or characters.'

"What fatalism! What determinism! If we are helpless, and God is helpless, to make a better world, what hope is there?"

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A Slight Case of Kidding Kidders

Damon Runyon and Howard Lindsay, With Broadway in Their Pockets, Prepare a Joyous, If Mildly Rickety, Thrust at the Crazed Humans of the New York Sporting Scene

Vandamm

Nearly everybody appears to be happy in this Saratoga cottage. It is a scene from the season's first farce, "A Slight Case of Murder." John Harrington (extreme left) *plays the lead*

The set-up for "A Slight Case of Murder," the first farce of the new play-season, was this: Damon Runyon, a sports-writer, knew all the people, and Howard Lindsay, a practised dramatist, knew all the tricks.

The result is a play about the Saratoga race-track, the men and women who frequent it, their gaudy backgrounds, and four unhappily slain hoodlums.

When it is funny, and keeping time with the plot, it is skilfully and winningly hilarious, but when it gets out of step with itself, and goes antic in its own undisciplined right, it becomes a production neither gifted author will take pride in years hence.

Triple Sec

Mr. Runyon is a man-of-all-work for the Hearst newspapers, his immediate headquarters being the New York *American*. He is carried on the pay-roll as a sports-writer, and, unlike many, actually can cover, without flaw, any game played in public places. He is as familiar with polo as he is with baseball, he knows all the rules in such disassociated games as football, boxing, and Badminton.

Slight, dapper, slow of voice, and owner of an extra dry sense of humor, which spreads out to take in an appraisement of mankind so calmly scientific as to be chemical, he covers sports when no one of moment is being slain, or tried for murder.

His attentions, thus, waver between the playing-fields of sport, and the trial-rooms for such defendants as Ruth Snyder, Judd Gray, Bruno Richard Hauptmann, *etc.*

Two other occupations are extramural, but revealing: the men and women who make up that half-world which is partly sporting, partly Broadway, partly criminal, fascinate him. They fascinate him so much that he has abandoned sleep by night, and passes the dark hours on his penthouse terrace sipping one cup of black coffee after another, and analyzing these people.

In the hours before dawn, he weaves the characters together into a plot, and, a few days later, writes it. His short stories of Broadway have created a new style in contemporary fiction, have brought him more than $100,000, and have caused even budgeted film companies to bid $20,000 for a short story which, without the legend of Runyon behind it, would have fetched no more than $5,000.

Play-Tale

Much of this personal insight into the lives of night-club crooners, book-makers, beer-barons crucified by repeal, harried gunmen, and similar figurines he has brought to "A Slight Case of Murder."

It is a play-tale of a bootlegger converted to brewing by repeal. He needs $450,000 to meet a note. Ashamed to confess himself broke, he hires a cottage at Saratoga to entertain friends during the racing.

In it are found four slain hoodlums. Their bodies are taken to the lawns of four enemies, and cast into the shrubbery. Later, a reward of $10,000 apiece for the gangsters, dead or alive, causes the brewer's servants, ex-thugs, to retrieve the cadavers.

It is believed the $40,000 will help *The Boss*. It is not enough, by $410,000, but a pestiferous orphan, who is carried along to Saratoga as a "lucky piece," finds a satchel with $500,000 in it under a bed in the room the four hoodlums had occupied.

It is loot from a hijacked truck containing book-makers' money. The brewer gets the money, and a tedious romance is brought to a reasonably happy ending.

In their zeal to give employment to so many strange people, and, at the same time, poke fun at Broadway, the authors ran their play, on occasion, into troubles.

Explanations

Burns Mantle, of *The Daily News*, dean of Manhattan's critics, explains this flaw:

" 'A Slight Case of Murder' . . . is funnier in idea than it is in execution. A story that would read well, but plays awkwardly because it is so plainly pieced together out of odds and ends of familiar material."

Less direct in his fault-finding, but admitting the flaws nonetheless, John Anderson concludes in *The Evening Journal*:

"But, even as it stands, it makes for a crazy and diverting evening in the playhouse, full of laughs, and, as they say, situations. It gave, now and then, as its actors ran hither and yon, a faint suggestion that its movement had been patterned on commuting hour in the Grand Central Depot, but its lines always save it."

The same fault-finding is expressed by Percy Hammond in *The Herald Tribune:*

"As a drama-lover who believes nearly everything he sees and hears in the theater, I was a bit discomfited by the careless disposition of the bodies of the slightly murdered men. . . . This, I thought, was going too far with my credulity. But it was done with such a blithely humorous disregard of dramatic ethics that I enjoyed its impudence while deploring its—shall I say—technique."

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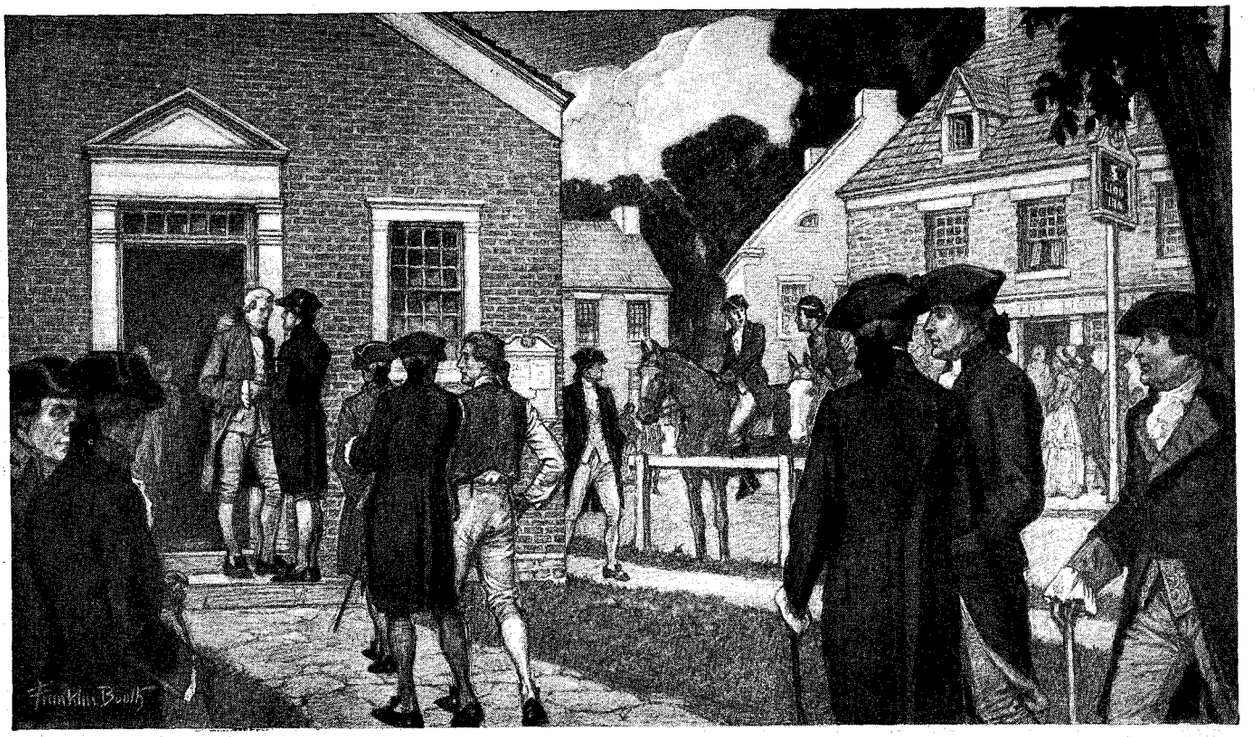

Town Meetings and Better Health

FOLLOWING the old Colonial custom of calling a town meeting when the safety and welfare of the citizens were at stake, the National Health Council will sponsor local town meetings throughout the country during October. You and other citizens will have an opportunity at these meetings to take stock of the activities which are being carried on to make your community a better and healthier place in which to live.

There is a direct relationship between the community and family health. Effective measures for improving sanitation and controlling disease depend upon enlightened public opinion. At these meetings you will learn the extent to which your community is giving you and your family a full measure of protection.

Your family should not be exposed needlessly to disease. Local health officials and voluntary organizations are striving continually to improve health conditions, and they know what vital gaps there may be in the health activities of your community. Just what, if anything, should be done is a matter for you and your neighbors to decide.

Numerous communities can bear witness to the benefits—measured in terms of better health and happiness—which have been achieved through surveys of the local situation and education of the public. In some cases the water supply has been improved, in others adequate stress has been placed upon the diphtheria immunization of children, and in still others the public has supported whole-heartedly the preparation of proper health ordinances and their enforcement. Attend your town meeting—it may lead to better health for your community.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

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Among the Outstanding Books

Photograph by Müllritter, from "Nanga Parbat Adventure," Courtesy of E. P. Dutton and Company

Willi Welzenbach pausing for breath in rarefied atmosphere on Nanga Parbat

"Nanga Parbat Adventure." By Fritz Bechtold. Translated from the German by H. E. G. Tyndale. 88 pp., 114 illustrations. [E. P. Dutton & Co., New York: $3.]

For him who keeps his safety-first feet firmly planted on the ground, and who stands four-square with what we call "horse sense," life is apt to be reasonably secure, tho also pretty tame. To such, the attempt to scale invincible Nanga Parbat, highest peak (26,614 feet) of the Western Himalayas, must seem the ambition of men gone daft, as say the Scots, or "slightly teched in the haid," as they put it in the Carolina Mountains.

And there is something to be said for that point of view. The German expedition of 1934 failed to attain Nanga Parbat's summit. It brought back, instead, a pathetically few magnificent photographs and an awesomely large amount of frost-bite. It left four alpinists and six native porters dead upon the slopes, tragic testimony that the philosopher was much too glib when he said Nature yearned to be conquered.

Herr Bechtold survived to write his book, because, while a member of the advance-party, he was assigned to escort two exhausted Darjeeling porters to a camp below in a raging July snow-storm. The simple, bald account of how those in the lower camp sat helpless, listening to the cries of their trapped comrades above, compares favorably with the best horror-fiction of the day.

The reader who depends upon the feature-writer's choice of adjectives to stir a sluggish imagination will not get his thrill from the unadorned report of Bechtold; but Photographer Müllritter, assisted by Herren Schneider, Welzenbach, and Bechtold, has left nothing to the imagination.

The snow-bridge on the way to Camp I, which had to be crossed delicately to avoid a plunge into an abyss deep enough to make one draw back in fright from the very picture itself; the dangerous journey along the séracs between Camps I and II in defiance of monstrous overhanging snow-banks and great icicles; the funeral cortège of Alfred Drexel; the thundering ice-avalanche tumbling from the face of the Nanga Parbat, at 13,000 feet; Camp VI, at 22,818 feet, looking down upon the clouds; Peter Aschenbrenner, amid scenery fit for gods, waist-deep in powder-snow, making his Lilliputian way to Camp V—these are among the illustrations which lend to the reader a small amount of the exaltation the expedition felt when it reached 24,446 feet, gazed spellbound upon "a new world," and tasted, for a brief hour, "the joy of victory."

Likewise, they add to the dreadfulness of defeat in the dark hour of 11 A.M., on the morning of July 7, begun by "dense eddies of snow . . . whirling at mad speed across the plateau, veiling the sun." Up there, in tents, men defied the blizzard, and succumbed to its vengeance.

The Nazi swastika cloaked the body of Drexel as they carried him to his grave; yet, there is no "Aryan" arrogance in the account. The native porters were heroes and comrades in the grateful estimation of the Germans left to tell the tale, and, perhaps, mountain-climbing might be a help in preserving a chastening humility from conquest by human vainglory.

Author

Fritz Bechtold and Peter Aschenbrenner (whose narratives of the climb by the first party to the highest camp are included) are alpinists of note not only in Germany but throughout Europe. Herr Bechtold also is an expert in mountaineering photography, one of the most difficult of the "new arts."

* * *

"They Shall Inherit the Earth." By Morley Callaghan. 337 pp. [Random House, New York: $2.50.]

Morley Callaghan survives as a member of that astonishing group which occupied Paris during the salad days of premium dollar exchange, an epoch in which bloomed Ernest Hemingway in a garden of letters cultivated and disinfected by Miss Gertrude Stein, farmerette of the literary revolution.

It was to be Miss Stein's misfortune that those who submitted to her rake and hoe rebelled at her sprays and pruning; but her influence upon their fiction was considerable, and, consciously or unconsciously, she, who was herself prolix, a lover of words for words' sake and opaque, did manage to weed out prolixity, fine writing, and obscurities. Thus, she remains, to this day, a profound, tho often an accidental, agent of literary simplicity.

None have more skilfully dissembled their allegiance to this phase of the Stein cult than Mr. Callaghan. Where Mr. Hemingway waxes powerful in a very rowdy way; where Sherwood Anderson and Waldo Frank even attempt imitations of Miss Stein's confusion (*vide*, her smug "The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas"), Mr. Callaghan types an even middle course, holding to his subject, but telling, with a casual clarity, the tale he would relate.

Meet, then, the clash of several wills

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within the family. *Mike*, son of the first wife, has broken with *Andrew*, the father, over the second marriage. This second adventure in wedlock has brought the father no more than a passing felicity.

The anchor *Andrew* had to windward was the desperate longing to regain his lost *Mike*. The rescuing angel—a beguiling goddess from the machine—was *Anna Prychoda*, pink-skinned daughter of the Ukraine, a comfort to her man, and the mother of sturdy children. It was she who salvaged *Mike*, so *Andrew* was to find his son again, and, so far as might be possible in Mr. Callaghan's skeptical world, live happily ever after.

Some say this is a novel of depression; most will agree that the depression is, rather, only the background.

Mr. Callaghan still is seeking a purpose to attach to existence, and, apparently, he thinks he may have found one. The novel has a message, but, lest this intelligence might drive the reading customer away from a powerful and absorbing story, let the moral be left to his own discovery.

Author

His name labels Morley Callaghan as of Irish extraction, but he was born at Toronto in 1903. Short and stocky, he has black curly hair and blue eyes which light up when he smiles, which is often.

At school, he played football, boxed, and deserted cricket to pitch baseball. At the University of Toronto he went in for public speaking, winning a debate on free speech. In the summers he sold magazine subscriptions.

After graduation he "cubbed" on the Toronto *Daily Star*, then opened a lending library in his home-town. Later, law school fitted him for the Canadian Bar.

When he was on *The Daily Star* he met Ernest Hemingway, who encouraged his literary strivings. When Mr. Hemingway went to Paris, Mr. Callaghan sent him a story, returned with an encouraging note four months later by Ford Madox Ford, then editing *The Transatlantic Review*.

In 1929, he married Miss Loretta Dee, and went to Paris on his wedding-trip, there to become a member of that coterie which, for a time, virtually dictated the course of American fiction.

He is a regular contributor to *Scribner's*, *Harper's Bazaar*, *New Yorker*, and other periodicals. For nine years in succession at least one of his tales was included in the annual "Best Short Stories."

Worth Reading

"The History of Western Civilization." By Harry Elmer Barnes. Vol. I, 911 pp.; Vol. II, 1,170 pp. (Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York: $10.) A solid winter's reading for those who like their history interpreted in modern terms.

"Secrets of the White Lady." By Capt. Henry Landau. 314 pp. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York: $3.) An exciting account of Belgium's recklessly brave underground-information purveyors who so helped the Allies, and so distressed and vexed the Germans.

"Ulysses S. Grant, Politician." By William B. Hesseltine. 452 pp. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York: $4.) In which the Hero of Appomatox emerges from Reconstruction prejudice and backbiting with considerably larger reputation than the "debunkers" would allow.

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On the Current Screen

There always are tremors in Hollywood when a beloved star perishes before his last finished motion-picture has been released. It was thus with the Wallace Reid pictures, the Rudolph Valentino films, and, probably, years back, the John Bunny features.

It always is considered a gesture involving a modicum of bad taste with a large content of gamble to release these films publicly, the theory being based on a belief that the audiences will be harrowed by seeing a dead actor in a live rôle, and, therefore, will stay home when the films make their rounds.

Thus far, there has not been a single such picture to justify the theory. It is merely one more of Hollywood's private crotchets.

The death of no actor in years has aroused such genuine audience grief as the recent passing of Will Rogers. His last completed picture, **"Steamboat Round the Bend,"** was finished, ready for distribution, when he was killed in the Alaskan crash.

For once, the executives, this time of Fox, harbored no doubts. The film was released, and the results are happy. It is high among the best films ever made by Mr. Rogers, is valorous entertainment, and will arouse in audiences no emotion beyond that of admiration for the actor.

Ben Lucien Berman wrote a novel of the same title, steaming with the flavors of the Lower Mississippi Country, the River, its banks, its back lands, its people, white and black. Dudley Nichols and Lamar Trotti translated that gallant book into a warming picture-script.

Director John Ford, Mr. Rogers, Irvin S. Cobb, and an interesting cast have completed the splendid work. "Steamboat Round the Bend" is a winning story, told in brave, cinematic terms.

Enthusiasm

Motion-picture critics in the Middle West, where the film first was released, have greeted it enthusiastically. Audiences, young and old, have demanded that it be held over a second week in one city after another. A reflection of this reception is found in the Kansas City *Star*, whose critic writes:

"'Steamboat Round the Bend,' in our estimation, is one of the finest films Will Rogers ever made. Its story is heart-warming, and full of appeal, and its action contains both action and comedy.

"The star was never better than he is in the straight rôle of the Mississippi River captain who is faced with the absolute necessity of doing two things—winning a race, and saving his nephew from being hanged. Will captures the decision on both counts, of course. You didn't think he would fail, did you?"

The story itself arouses as much critical interest as the performance of Mr. Rogers and his support.

"The picture captures your interest," continues *The Star*, "from the opening, when Rogers is discovered selling a cureall to natives of the Mississippi River Country.

"Then come the moments when he announces his intention of running a boat, the pathos when you see what sort of a boat it is, and what shape it is in, and when Will is introduced to the swamp-girl that his nephew is determined to marry.

"There is excitement aplenty when the girl's father comes to recover her, more excitement when the angered natives of a town are determined to wreck Will's showboat; then the picture turns to tenderness again, in the wedding between the nephew and the girl.

"Particularly hilarious scenes in 'Steamboat Round the Bend' occur when Berton Churchill, as the *New Moses*, is roped from the river-bank to aid Rogers in safeguarding the throat of John McGuire, and when Churchill, Stepin Fetchit, Francis Ford, and others stoke the *Claremore Queen* so valiantly that she beats the *Pride of Paducah*.

"Neat acting: that of Anne Shirley as *Fleetie Beele*, the swamp-girl Will takes on board his boat. Watch this youngster. She's going far in the movie world!"

Cycle

"Steamboat Round the Bend" is third in what rapidly seems to be shaping up as a water-route cycle in Hollywood, the point of contention in each film being not a rubber-stamped villain, but the water itself.

The first of these was "Mississippi," which was followed by the recent "The Farmer Takes a Wife"—also by Fox—in which the Erie Canal was virtually the star of the film.

The new Will Rogers picture is sufficiently within the mood of the other two to justify Hollywood in taking up water-routes for a series. Indeed, it is known that one company is watching the proposed Florida Canal with vast interest, intending to make a picture around it as soon as it has progressed far enough, politically and actually, to make it an important story-source.

Cap'n Will Rogers at the helm of his Mississippi River showboat

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Forty Immortals Finish With Z

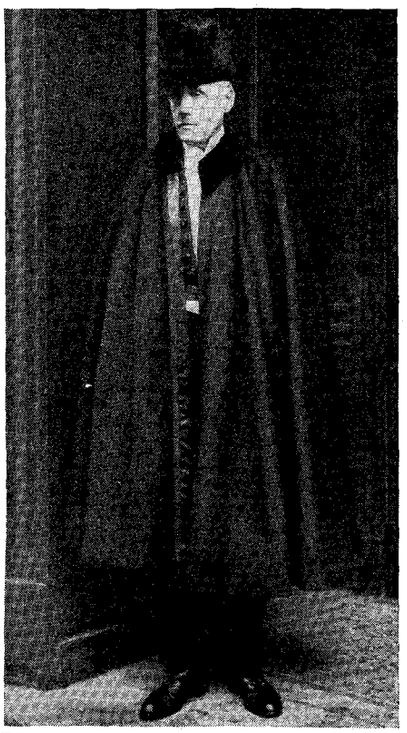
Duke Has His Way With "Zut" in French Academy's Eighth Edition of Its Dictionary, But Unpronounceable "Yankee" Is Out

Zut!

To the Sixth Duc de Broglie, sixty-year-old academician and physicist—as well as to most of his countrymen—this is the most forceful expletive in the French language. It fairly explodes with meaning.

Slangy, it is not generally considered polite. It expresses, for the most part, anger, indignation, surprize. Often it runs the gamut of daily interjections.

If a midinette stubs her toe, well, it's zut! If a poilu goes A.W.O.L., the sergeant



Keystone

Duc de Broglie, in the uniform of the French Academy

snaps zut! If a gourmet finds a new dish, zut! And so on.

Last week, thanks to the Duc de Broglie, duchesses and other haughty respecters of grace and urbane language, shouted "Zut!" with pleasure—and impunity.

The Duc de Broglie likes the word. He had the French Academy—he is one of its Forty Immortals—give it an official blessing. So zut joined the eighth edition of the *Dictionnaire de l'Académie Française*, which, after forty-nine years and ten months of work, was finally completed.

Five Academicians, resplendent in green uniforms and dangling swords, sat around the narrow, curved tables under the cupola of the Institute de France, and fixed this definition for the hitherto questionable newcomer:

"A familiar interjection to send people to the devil."

The gavel struck. The word had passed. Above them the red-robed Cardinal Richelieu looked down from his dominating portrait. He founded the Academy 300 years ago to purify the French language.

"In a letter to Richelieu," recalled *The Times* (London), "it undertook to cleanse the language from the impurities it had contracted in the mouths of the common people, from the jargon of the lawyers, from the misusages of ignorant courtiers, and the abuses of the pulpit."

Symbol

The Duc de Broglie, who apparently has more liberal ideas, is a symbol of Gallic culture. He became one of the Immortals last year. His father and grandfather had sat amid this saintly company, which meets every Thursday.

The Duke has deep-set eyes, a thin face; he is imposing and scholarly. Educated as a naval officer, he leaned toward science, and became one of France's greatest physicists. Yet to him zut was just as important as his erudite book on the structure of X and the gamma rays.

He sponsored new words of the people. Pinard, a War-time word for wine, was adopted; so were camouflage, poilu, cabler (to cable), boxeur, garage, and the English words yacht, interview, pudding, bar, and destroyer.

There was heated discussion over each before it was adopted. Over the word Yankee the discussion waxed particularly warm. This American word is well known in France. According to the United Press it was rejected because it was considered not French, and was difficult for Frenchmen to pronounce.

Midinette (the piquant little Paris dressmaking employee) also went the way of Yankee. Likewise, 6,000 other words got thumbs down from the protectors of the French tongue. But 2,000 others passed.

Said *The Sunday Times* (London):

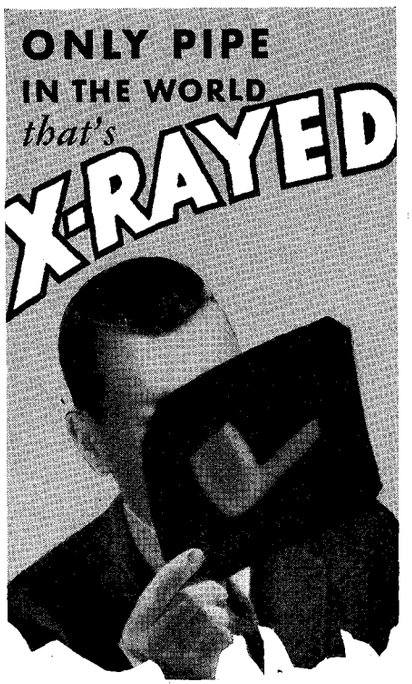
"Sections of the new dictionary have already appeared in loose-leaf covers during the past few years. The chief change in the present edition is the inclusion of technical words of every-day usage. One of the objects of the academicians in revising the seventh edition was to make the definitions more precise."

Precision

In America, the same meticulous methods of selection and rejection have marked the preparation of the latest edition of Funk & Wagnalls *New Standard Dictionary of the English Language*. It contains 455,000 words, including the Academy's rejected midinette, and is regarded as almost a perfect and balanced choice of the 2,000,000-odd words in English.

And, like the new revision of the French Academy, it contains new words—words, in fact, not found in any other American dictionary. And slang, too. Some of these newcomers are adurol, air-flow, anancasticism, bulkage, heeby-jeebies, kingfish ("a vainglorious person"), flatfoot, enthalpy, chiseler, dew-bill, Brain Trust, Blue Eagle, dangler, and varmintry.

It has a match for zut! It's zip!



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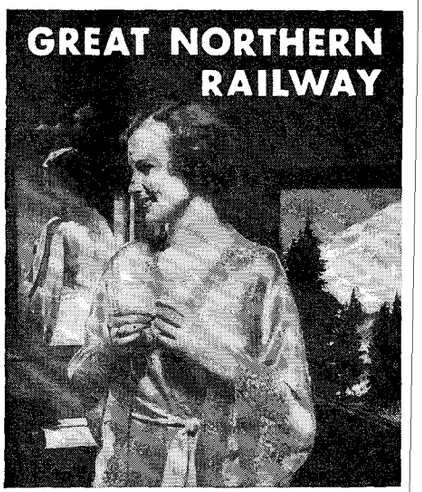

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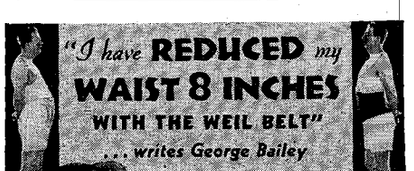

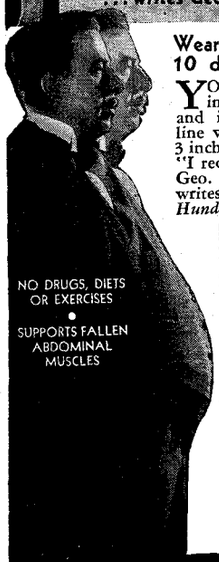

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Current Poetry

Unsolicited contributions to this department will not be returned. Unpublished poetry is not acceptable

JULIET PROTESTS

By Wendy Marsh

Because the thing was finished in a tomb,
And since we were ridiculously young,
Our names have come to spell impending doom,
Our tale has been retold in every tongue.
And all of you whose hearts were warm and kind
Have grieved and wept for us down through the years:
It sometimes made me smile—I did not mind—
Indeed, I have been grateful for your tears.

But have you quite forgotten how that night
The moon shone on his face while I above
Leaned nearer him? Can't you recall its light?
Don't you remember how we pledged our love?
Oh, it was quickly ended, our brief day,
Yet it was filled with laughter. *We were gay!*

—"The Conning Tower," *New York Herald Tribune.*

THE CALLER

By Robert P. Tristram Coffin

He got the farm his heart was set upon
For twenty years. He opened to the sun
The fields he dreamed of opening with the plow.
He changed the fences round and dammed the brook
To make a pool to raise pond lilies on;
He even thought to see about a son,
And raised a pair of legs to run the hills.

But, for all that, the man was not
At home upon the place he loved, at all.
He was just a visitor, and he
Would be a visitor until he died.
He knew it. Knew it by the shapes of trees
His father had not planted, by the stones
Other hands than his had heaped to walls.
The house was just the same. No matter where
He looked or walked, the floor boards were well worn
By feet that moved below an alien mind;
The sills were set to rhythm of old feet,
Cold now and still, and nothing to his own.
The stairs were hollowed up the way to bed
Before him and his son. There was no wear
That he could give to wood to wipe away
The shape of bygone days and bygone men.

He was a caller of late afternoon,
Come in between the afterglow and dark.

—*Virginia Quarterly Review.*

WICKFORD GARDENS

By Kile Crook

Old Wickford houses face the street,
But the gardens skirt the bay
Where honeysuckle blends it sweet
With the salty sweet of spray.

Old Wickford elm-trees lace their shade
Over peony and phlox;
The self-same traceries are laid
On barnacled wet rocks.

The shadow of a gull's low wing
Darkens on columbine,
And mummychogs dart, skimmering,
Beyond the trumpet vine

That trails a tendril in the spume
And points where there must be
The animate, unearthly bloom
Of sea-anemone.

Nasturtium green: sea-lettuce green
Beyond the border bed;
Red cockscomb: and through water sheen
The corallin glows red,

And lustrous kelp, purple and brown,
With lilac trees beside . . .
Where Wickford garden walls go down
To boundaries of tide.

—*The North American Review.*

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Coals of Fire, Feet of Alum

Indian Yogi Walks Across Blazing Brazier: "Amazing," Cry Britishers; "Trick," Explains Investigator; "Gimmick," Adds Magician

The fire had been burning for eight hours. Into two trenches twelve feet long and two feet wide had been piled seven tons of oaken logs, a ton of fire-wood, a load of forest-oak, covered with a layer of charcoal, and ten gallons of kerosene.

The wind which blew over Carshalton, Surrey, England, had fanned the blaze to an intense heat. Around the fire stood a group of scientists, doctors, medical students, and curious amateurs. Kuda Bux, a slim little Indian, stood out in front of the crowd, waiting.

Prof. C. A. Pannett, Director of the Surgical Unit of St. Mary's Hospital, London, examined Bux's feet. A square of court-plaster was pasted under the arch

Useful "fire-walkers": Fighting a Los Angeles fire in asbestos suits

of the right foot. The temperature of the feet was recorded. Somebody announced that the surface heat of the fire now was 800 degrees, and Kuda Bux stepped away from the crowd, and walked cautiously into the center of the fire.

Stepping lightly, but firmly, and making contact with the burning embers for five seconds with each foot, Bux crossed the twelve-foot inferno. Professor Pannett was waiting for him on the other side. The temperature of his feet was recorded. It was unchanged. The court-plaster under his right arch was not scorched. The audience buzzed.

In a few moments Bux stepped into the fire again, and crossed to the other side. The audience crowded around. The temperature of the feet was the same. The court-plaster was unscorched.

"Amazing!" cried the audience. "Amazing!" But how was it done?

Ceremony

Kuda Bux smiled. They had seen him do it. There was no more to tell. It was no trick. It was a ceremony performed by the Indians at their religious festivals.

Perhaps Kuda Bux had tough feet, someone suggested. No, there was nothing unusual about them.

Yet, Kuda Bux said he had not been conscious of the heat. If one had faith, he said, he could walk through fire.

Promptly, two medical students with more skepticism than faith ripped off their shoes and stockings and announced that they would walk through the fire. Kuda Bux watched slyly as they stepped into the hot coals, and jumped as promptly out, while doctors hurried to treat their burned feet.

"There is no doubt possible of the whole performance," commented the Boston *Globe*. "Those who wish to explain this manifestation of the power of mind over matter will please form on the left."

Trick

The next day, however, in the New York *Times*, Joseph Dunninger, Chairman of the Investigating Committee of the Universal Council for Psychic Research, who is fond of exposing miracles, dealt with Kuda Bux's. The trick, he said, was one of three ancient "miracles" used by the Shinto priests, and was called *hai-wattari*.

A fire is built in a path dividing the area of the performance into two rectangles, with the fire-line as a common side. The blaze, starting on the center line, runs around the periphery. The audience realizes that the outer rims take longer to blaze up, but loses sight of the fact that the fire-line is rapidly losing heat.

"The wonder-worker walks on coal, but not through flame," Mr. Dunninger said. "While he waits for the sides to die down, the center cools. The charcoal helps out; it heats rapidly and cools rapidly. It forms a comfortable ash when the fire-walker begins his stroll. He takes firm steps, but does not linger.

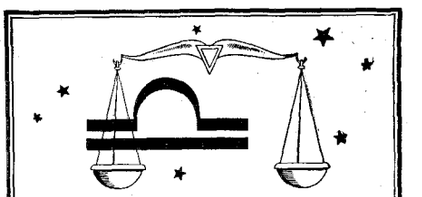
"His stunt is like drawing one finger through a match-flame or touching the tip of a lighted cigarette. The timing is essential; it does not burn if the demonstrator does not linger too long."

Alum

James Sherman, a member of the Society of American Magicians, was even more contemptuous of Kuda Bux's miracle. "Nothing to it," he scoffed. The trick, Mr. Sherman explained in the Washington *Post*, is a common one, and is performed with the aid of a "gimmick."

"A gimmick," he explained, "is a piece of magic equipment with which practically all miracles of the black art are performed." In this case the "gimmick" was nothing more than a thin coating of alum applied to the feet. Just before the trick, he said, the fakir kneels as tho in prayer, and applies the preparation with neat legerdemain.

"Nothing to it, you see," he said. "This combination of potassium and aluminum protects the fellow's feet no end, and he could walk across the trench three or four times without any trouble."



Peter Puget's* ALMANAC

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Sept. 28, Saturday

11 a.m.—S. S. President McKinley leaves Seattle for Yokohama, Kobe, Shanghai, Hong Kong and Manila. Captain C. F. Bryant, U. S. N. R., on the bridge; much-traveled John Smith upholding his reputation as one of the Pacific's ablest pursers; Chief Steward Victor Ambrose planning surprises in his spotless galley.

Seattle is the center of the famous Evergreen Playground

Oct. 1, Tuesday

Deck sports fill the day on the S. S. President McKinley. The homeward-bound *S. S. President Jefferson* picks up stopovers at Shanghai (American Mail Liners let you stopover as you like, continuing on the next or a later of these identical ships).

Like rooms in a fine hotel, American Mail Line staterooms are all outside

Oct. 7, Monday

Steward Ambrose serves Sukiyaki dinner on S. S. President McKinley, while at Manila, passengers of *S. S. President Jackson* plan sidetrip to Iloilo, Zamboanga and Cebu (5 days, $50 on the yacht-like S. S. Mayon, leaving every Tuesday).

American Mail Line fares to the Orient are as low as $285 First Class, $160 Tourist

Oct. 11, Friday

S. S. President McKinley arrives at Yokohama (40 minutes from Tokyo by elevated). Roundtrippers on *S. S. President Jackson* spend day at hilly Hong Kong on way home . . .

. . . still enjoying fresh vegetables, fruit and milk from the Jackson's enormous refrigerators

For full details, see your travel agent, or write D. J. Hanscom, 604 Fifth Ave., New York; L. Matthews, 110 S. Dearborn St., Chicago; Dan E. Gould, 634 S. W. Broadway, Portland, Ore.; R. O. Bullwinkel, 465 Howe St., Vancouver, B. C., or L. J. Lancaster, 1300 Fourth Ave., Seattle.

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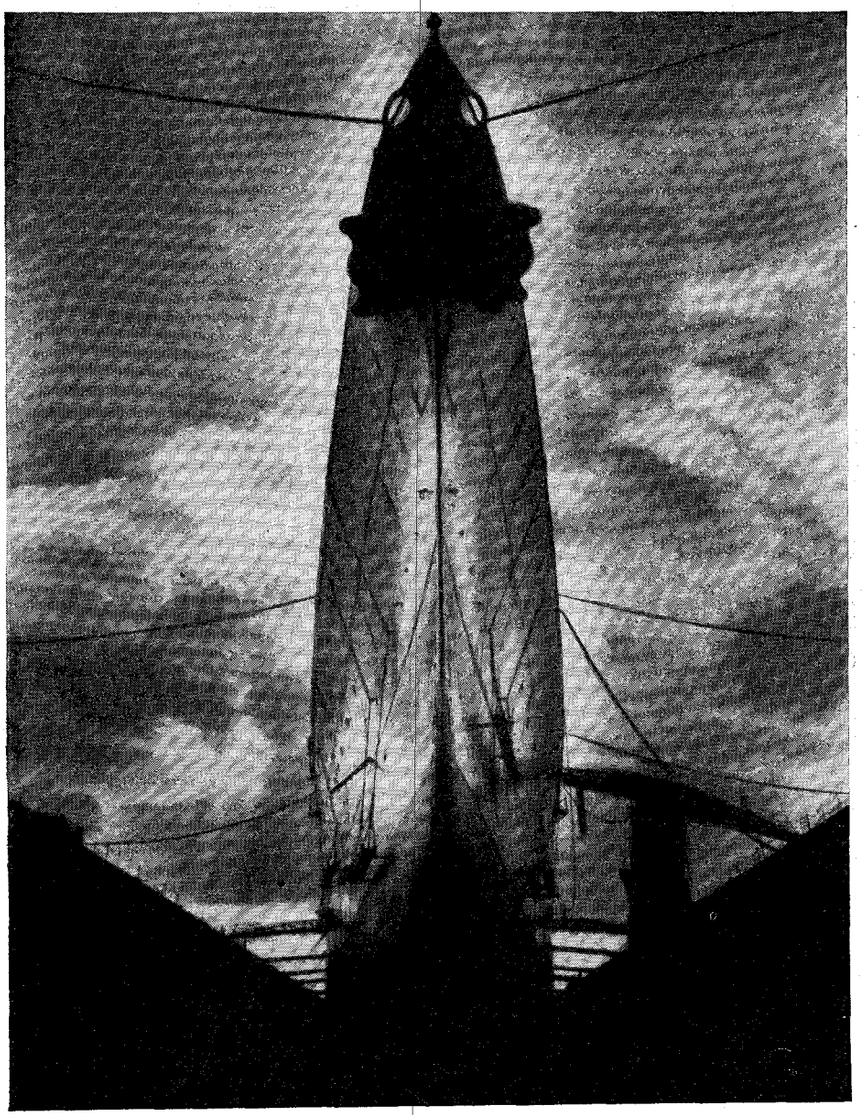
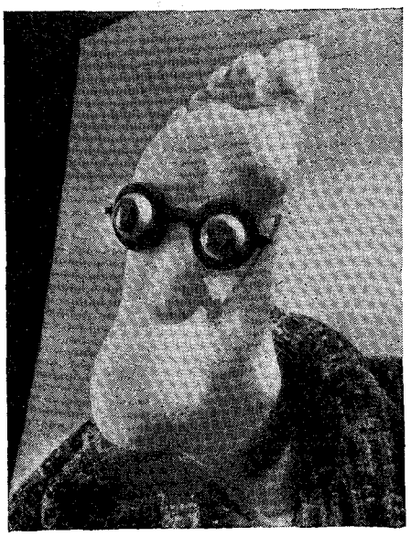
The Camera as Artist and Reporter



"U.S.S. Indianapolis," *by Russell Aikins*

"Sweet Adeline," *by Irving Browning*



"British Novelist," *by M. F. Agha*

"Soapy Hands," *by Bert Pagano*

"Big Research," *by Hal Brown*

These are representative of 250 photographs to be exhibited on October 1 at Rockefeller Center, New York City, and to appear later in "The United States Camera Annual," edited by T. J. Maloney

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Ships and Shipping

Lloyd's Never Bets—It Insures

Barometer on Odds Everywhere, This "Servant of the World" Began a Century Ago in a Genial Host's London Coffee-House

"Ran away from Capt. John Bradyl, a tawny Moor, about twenty years of age, bow-legged, with a light-colored coat and a pair of shammey breeches. Whoever gives notice of him at the aforesaid Captain's house, or at Mr. Lloyd's Coffee House in Tower Street, shall have twenty shillings reward, and their charges."

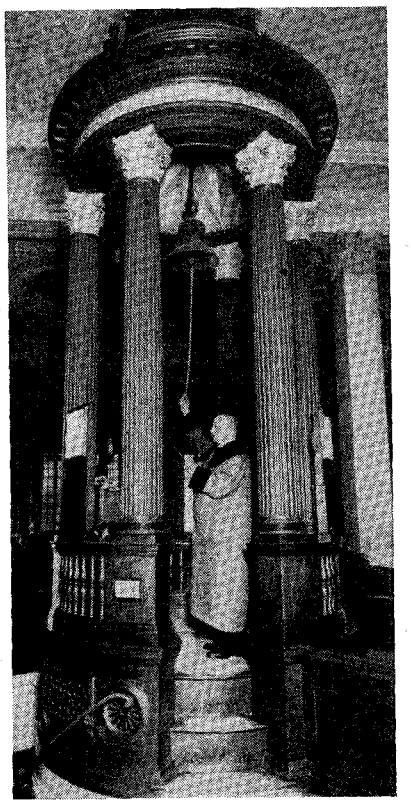
This advertisement for a runaway slave, which appeared in *The London Gazette* of Monday, October 7, 1689, is one of the earliest printed references to a man whose name is synonymous with the best-known insurance company in the world: Lloyd's.

For weeks past newspapers have been carrying this company's quotations against the possibilities of various nations being involved in war. The figures are noted keenly. For, as Lloyd's bets, so bets the world. Only, to quote its own directors, "Lloyd's never bets; it simply insures."

Bet or insurance, you can take out a policy with Lloyd's for financial protection against almost any conceivable event. If you are married, for instance, they'll be willing to bet that your wife won't have twins.

Tho forbidden by charter to write ordinary life insurance, they'll issue you a "protection" policy, but only for a year, because, as Philip Jordan explained in *Fortnightly Review:*

"Each risk to which an underwriter subscribes is his own personal responsibility. . . . There is no limited liability at Lloyd's. . . . If policies were ever issued to cover a lifetime, the underwriter might be dead, and his estate cleaned up, before even a claim was put in for payment."



Wide World

Lutine *Bell at Lloyd's, London, which tolls the fate of ships at sea*

Beginning

Lloyd's had its beginning in the coffee-house of one Edward Lloyd, who, otherwise, is lost in obscurity. Approximately 100 years before the American Revolution, Lloyd opened his establishment on Tower Street. It at once became the rendezvous for seafaring men and merchants.

From a rostrum, in the coffee-room, cargoes were auctioned "by candle," as was the custom in England at the time.

The procedure was simple. A pin was stuck through a candle one inch from the top. When the candle was lighted, the bidding started. The highest bidder when the flame reached the pin got the prize.

"The genial Lloyd prospered," D. J. Devlin once wrote in *The Mentor.* "In three years he moved to larger quarters at Abchurch Lane and Lombard Street."

Here, "a clique of insurance-brokers formed what was later to become the most influential underwriting association ever founded. Lloyd himself had no part in bringing about the creation of the actual corporation. The seventy-nine patrons of the coffee-house who comprised the company adopted the keeper's name merely out of sentiment."

The fame of Lloyd's coffee-house spread. It was frequented by rich and poor, poet and peasant. The great Addison was among the habitués. When a ship docked, the news it carried was announced to Lloyd's customers. Because this innovation proved popular, and because he wanted to give greater publicity to his auctions, Lloyd printed a newspaper.

The first issue of *Lloyd's News* appeared in 1696. Tho noted for its impartiality, it was stupidly suppressed by the House of Lords for a fancied slight after it had been running a short while. In 1734, twenty-one years after Lloyd was dead, *Lloyd's List* was established. It is published to-day. Except for *The London Gazette*, it is the oldest going English newspaper.

Syndicates

Lloyd's is not a single company, but a group of syndicates. There are approximately 140 syndicates of from six to 100 underwriters each. Approximately 1,400 members do business in the new building on Leadenhall Street, erected in 1929.

Here old traditions prevail. The assembly-hall still is referred to as the "Room," tho the prefix "Coffee" has been dropped.

Over the great room hangs the famous *Lutine* bell, taken from a bullion frigate which sank in October, 1799. It is rung whenever news of importance is to be communicated to members, or when Royalty or other important visitors appear.

"Tho Lloyd's has its being in London," wrote Philip Jordan, "it is the servant of the world."

Here's where America's favorite Laxative begins!

THE gentleman in the sun helmet is inspecting a fine specimen of *Theobroma Cacao*—cocoa tree in plain words. And the finest chocolate it yields will eventually arrive at the Ex-Lax factory to be made up into the pleasantest, most palatable, mild, effective laxative that America knows.

Taking Ex-Lax is like eating a piece of smooth, velvety, delicious chocolate. What a treat! . . . if you've been taking nasty-tasting cathartics.

Mild, Gentle Action

The chocolate taste is only *one* virtue of Ex-Lax. It is mild. Gentle. You needn't increase the dose to get results. To make a long story short, Ex-Lax is America's favorite laxative. More people use it than any other brand of laxative! 10c and 25c boxes at any drug store. Get the genuine.

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

Tune in on "Strange as it Seems", new Ex-Lax Radio Program. See local newspaper for station and time.

MAIL THIS COUPON—TODAY!

EX-LAX, Inc., P. O. Box 170 V95
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Please send free sample of Ex-Lax.

Name_____

Address_____

(If you live in Canada, write Ex-Lax, Ltd., 736 Notre Dame St. W., Montreal)

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Current Events

September 16.—Promotions, first in five years, for 280 workers in Foreign Service and appointment of forty "new-blood" members follow President's addition of $143,000 to State Department funds.

Special stamp commemorating completion of Boulder Dam will go on sale on September 30.

Georgia High Court, in case to halt a foreclosure, rules that a judgment against property is not affected even with "an existing general but temporary depression of market values."

Noel C. Scaffa, private detective specializing in recovery of stolen jewels, sentenced to six months in prison by Federal Judge Carroll C. Hincks. Scaffa was convicted on July 26 for perjury committed before grand jury.

Dr. T. C. Adams, University of Utah, announces that for first time in history salt has been precipitated, and now covers bed of Great Salt Lake.

Five hundred relief-workers march on State Capitol at Topeka, Kansas, in protest at being put on dole.

Dr. Homer P. Rainey resigns as President of Bucknell University to take position as Director of newly-formed Youth Commission.

September 17.—Constitution Day Celebrated throughout nation. Herbert Hoover and Daniel C. Roper are principal speakers.

Len Koenecke, big-league ball-player, killed during fight in careening airplane over Toronto.

Enterprising souvenir-hunter takes one of two-foot hands off Capitol clock at Washington.

Theodore Jones and Henry Groob, boys who uncovered gold amounting to $11,427.50 a year ago, again uncovered $10,000 more in Jones's cellar in Baltimore.

The *Santa Barbara* rams hole in Ambrose light-ship's bow in second accident in New York Harbor within twenty-four hours.

TC-14, largest non-rigid dirigible in world, completed successfully maiden flight over Scott Field, Illinois. The bag holds 374,000 cu.ft. of helium.

Mayor W. D. Hayes of Sioux City, Iowa, reinstated after having been suspended on July 15 for "official misconduct."

Skyline Drive, scenic route through Shenandoahs, officially opened at ceremonies at Elkton, Virginia.

Big rock-slide at Niagara Falls cuts hole in gorge-wall, and rips up 200 feet of scenic-railway roadbed.

September 18.—Government aid to veterans for 1935 put at $760,000,000 by officials of Veterans' Administration.

New rules announced governing CCC and lowering enlistment age to seventeen which will go into effect on October 1. More than 519,000 expected enrolment.

Gen. Douglas MacArthur, retiring Chief of Staff, appointed to build Philippine Army for Manuel Quezon, first President of Commonwealth.

Coast Guardsmen seize $25,000 in alcohol and a $50,000 yacht in raid off Massachusetts Coast. Two arrested, others escape by swimming ashore.

Fifty-eight lawyers working for American Liberty League call Labor Relations Act unconstitutional.

Monument to Johns Hopkins, whose gift of $7,000,000 made possible establishment of University and Hospital of that name, dedicated at Baltimore.

Dr. George S. Long, brother of late Huey, says he will be candidate for United States Senator from Oklahoma.

Comptroller General John R. McCarl helps AAA out of "hot-potato" difficulty by ruling that funds can not be had to enforce tax.

September 19.—Million-dollar counterfeiting ring smashed as four-year hunt ends in arrest of partner of "Count Lustig" in Union City, New Jersey, raid.

War-scare brings gold here from abroad; $8,200,000 engaged from London swells shipments and engaged shipments to total of $93,000,000 since September 9.

Blast touched off by President Roosevelt from his Hyde Park, New York, home began excavation of 200-mile Gulf-Atlantic Ship Canal through Florida (THE LITERARY DIGEST, September 14).

National Council of Episcopal Church announces budget of $2,700,000 for 1936: Money is to be used in missionary and religious education, social service, and promotion work.

September 20.—Joseph P. Kennedy resigns as Chairman of the Securities and Exchange Commission to return to private life.

Brig. Gen. W. W. Atterbury, sixty-nine, retired president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, dies, after a long illness, in Philadelphia.

United States Chamber of Commerce to poll business men of the nation on their approval or disapproval of the New Deal.

Nebraska Supreme Court declares State relief and old-age pension program unconstitutional.

September 21.—United States Chamber of Commerce denounces Revenue Act of 1935, orders report on entire field of Federal taxation.

Commerce Department survey reveals tourist trade in the United States to have reached almost the 1929 level.

Postmaster General James A. Farley, addressing New York State Democratic Convention at Endicott, New York, denies Democrats plan to alter the Constitution "unless the people themselves demand a change."

Wisconsin Senate committee investigating radical activities at the University of Wisconsin criticizes administrative officers, finds Communistic activities encouraged.

September 22.—New York announces plan for greatest world's fair in history in 1939, to commemorate 150th anniversary of full establishment of the United States Government.

Felix Waitkus, twenty-eight-year-old American flyer, crashes in Ireland on flight from New York to Lithuania.

Commission of 230, headed by Vice President Garner, is organized to build memorial to Will Rogers.

President ends three-week working-vacation at Hyde Park, New York, leaves for four days' work at Washington before starting speaking-tour of the country.

What's the Name, Please?

Bathurst—7th Earl, sporting writer—just *bath'urst*, with *a* as in *bat*.

Beauchamp—7th Earl, educator—

The cherries belonged to Lord *Beauchamp;*
Some boys stood on boxes to *reauchamp;*
As if for a joke
The under box broke,
Perhaps a good lesson to *teauchamp.*

Berkeley—8th Earl of—Yes, you're right. For generations it has been *bark'ly*.

Bertie of Thame—Viscount, attorney—first *e* as in *sergeant*, *h* as in *Thomas; barty of tame.*

Elphinstone—16th Baron, Governor of the Bank of Scotland—*stone* elided, as in *Johnstone: el'fin-stn.*

Strabolgi—10th Baron, navy officer, writer—*bolgi* identical with *bogy: stra-bo'gy.*

Teynham—18th Baron—just *ten'num.*

Tollemache—land-holding baron—*toll* as in *polly: tol'mash.*

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Funny What Some People Have to Be Told

—*Hutton in the Philadelphia* Inquirer

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Sport and Sportsmen

Boom in Bikes

Revival of Gay 'Nineties Sport Seen in Sharp Increase in Manufacturing —Envoy Touring Country for 1936 Olympic Prospects

Amateur bicycle-riders from twenty States pumped, grunted, groaned, and competed for medals at the American Legion Convention in St. Louis this week.

The fact fits neatly with an item on the revival of amateur cycling in America which appeared last week in Art Lea Mond's sport-column in the New York *Morning Telegraph*.

Mr. Mond thought it "surprizing in an age when auto-manufacturers are constantly striving for greater speed that the manufacture of bikes has increased 25 per cent. in the past year, and more than 2,000,000 wheels are being ridden in the forty-eight States."

Discussion

Discussing the boom, Wayne Gard wrote in *Real America:* "From Hollywood to Park Avenue, ladies in shorts have taken up that favorite pastime of the 'nineties. Girls in swanky finishing-schools, debs in Westchester County, movie-stars in Beverly Hills—all have joined in bringing back to popularity the rubber-tired bronco of the late Victorian days.

"Fair cyclists now spin along the board walk at Atlantic City, where such diversion once was tabu; and new wheel-clubs have been breaking out virulently in Chicago, Washington — everywhere. Bicycle-races have sprung up over the country."

There are two kinds of amateur bicycle organizations in this country: those concerned with racing, and those devoted primarily to recreation. The Century Road Club of America, with riders from most of the States, and a membership of more than 500, holds State elimination races for juniors (children up to sixteen), and seniors (sixteen and up). Its events are closed to non-members.

Wide World

Constance Bennett joins the bike-parade in Hollywood

This club held its first annual national championships in St. Louis this week. Championships were awarded in junior and senior classes. Senior events included the half-mile, mile, five-mile and ten-mile. Junior events were the half-mile, mile, two-mile and five-mile.

The League of American Wheelmen, oldest amateur organization, was formed in 1880, reached a membership peak of 108,000 around the turn of the century, declined, and was revived in 1933, following the boom precipitated in 1932 by Olympic cyclists in California. The League cooperates with the parent body, the Amateur Bicyle League of America, in holding races, but is interested primarily in promoting the interests of manufacturers by opening up bike-paths in public parks, on the board walks at prominent resorts, and elsewhere.

Missionary

The chief missionary for the League is Ernest Ohrt, whose brother, Hans, was amateur sprint-champion in 1915. Ernest's present title is "Bicycling Good-Will Ambassador."

Ohrt has been assisting in the development of cyclists for the next Olympic Games, visiting more than twenty cities, and conducting Olympic preparatory races in fifteen of them. None of them was less than twenty-five miles, and most were over the official Olympic distance of 100 kilometers, or approximately sixty-two and one-half miles.

Ohrt, who spent fifteen years racing in twenty-two countries, has uncovered and developed some of the best amateur riders. They include Cecil Hursey, Savannah grocery-clerk, who recently won the twenty-five-mile and fifty-mile national championships of the Amateur Bicycle League at Atlantic City in a driving rain; Chester Nelson, St. Louis veteran, second to Hursey at Atlantic City; Charlie Thomas of Buffalo, who won the Cleveland Olympic preparatory race of 62½ miles, and Bob Factemier of Omaha, Nebraska.

DeWitt Page, a Vice President of General Motors, President of the New Departure Manufacturing Company (brakes for bikes), is President of the League of American Wheelmen. But he doesn't ride bikes any more. His hobbies are yachts and horses. Walter Bardgett, Secretary of the League, hasn't ridden since 1919, altho he was a great sprint-cyclist twenty years ago. Most of the members of the League are manufacturers of bikes.

Amateur bike-races first were put on in 1882 in Montreal, and in the United States. "Century runs" of 100 miles were common, and county and State fairs gave bike-racing a prominent place on their programs.

But the present boom in bikes is not in racing, but in recreation. The Bardgetts think it has a good chance to last.

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Perched on a Polo Pedestal

Tommy Hitchcock, by His Play in U. S. Open at Meadow Brook, Proves He Is Far From Through —Tournament Dotted With Stars Who Learned Game From Mrs. Hitchcock

Tommy Hitchcock, Jr., climbed back onto his polo pedestal last week. Playing in his first major tournament since his injuries in the East-West matches of 1933—the United States Open at Westbury, Long Island—Hitchcock went back into the head-lines as the "greatest player in the world."

Before the tournament began, experts called Winston F. C. Guest, good-looking, hard-riding leader of Templeton, defending champions, the "outstanding player in American polo to-day," and picked his team, largely because of Guest and superior Templeton team-work, to keep the Open title.

Members of the committee on selection of the American team which will invade England for the Westchester Cup next year sat huddled in overcoats at Meadow Brook last week and saw Hitchcock outplay his chief rival, Guest, at No. 2, in a 10—9 game which put Templeton out of the tournament, and Hitchcock back on the polo peak.

Praise

The next day Harry Cross wrote in the New York *Herald Tribune:*

"It was because Hitchcock and his team-mates rose to the heights of combative spirit that Greentree was able to edge out a narrow victory over the hard-riding Templeton cavalry.

"Hitchcock again played up to his best form, and turned in plays which sparkled with brilliancy. His artistry with a polo-mallet, and his unquenchable competitive enthusiasm, fairly lifted his team-mates to a battling frenzy which was unbeatable."

Robert F. Kelley, in the New York *Times*, wrote:

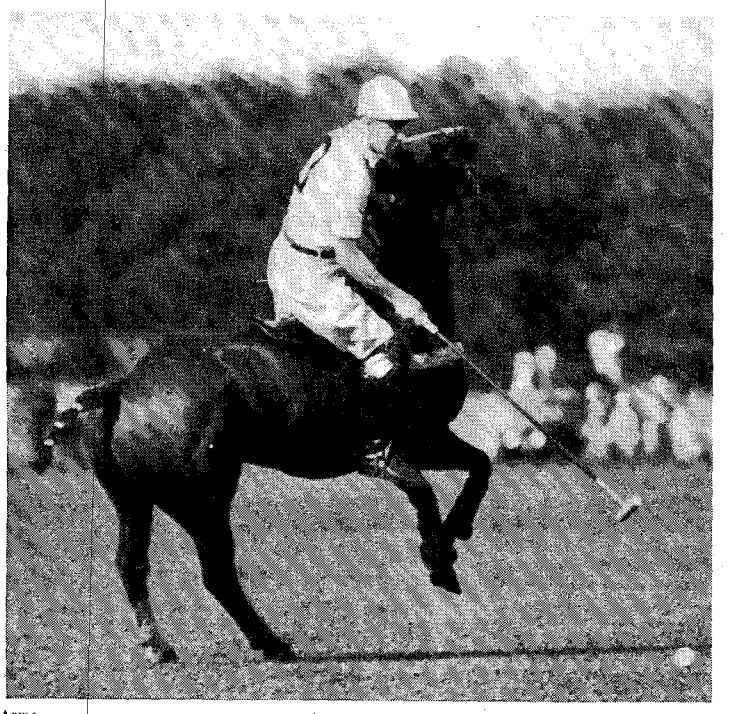
"Hitchcock, at No. 2, was once more about the greatest player in the world."

The highest honor in polo is a ten-goal handicap-rating. Hitchcock got his first "ten" in 1922, and has won it thirteen times since. He is ranked at nine this year, with Guest, who is picked by many experts to replace Hitchcock at the top.

Hitchcock is tall, blond, has a large frame, affects expensive, unpressed gray flannel suits in his office, is not particularly heavy (he plays a lot of tennis, but just as a diversion), and has unruly light hair giving him what one sports-writer has called a "*Joe Palooka* look."

Polo mentions his "ingrained dislike to take anything too seriously." He has the concentration and tenacity of a champion. His appreciation of the plaudits of the crowd stops short when he leaves the field. He has been booed, too.

Hitchcock is a member of the banking firm of Lehman Brothers in New York. He trains regularly for his polo by boxing. He's worked out under Joe Fitton in New York for nine years. Fitton told THE LITERARY DIGEST last week that Hitchcock is the hardest hitter for a polo-player he ever trained. Fitton stresses Hitchcock's consideration and willingness to help the "average person."



Acme

Tommy Hitchcock, Jr., still on top in polo

Hitchcock never hounds his team-mates. He tells them how he thinks a game should be played, talks things over between chukkers, and is the best captain Fitton ever saw.

Tommy hates publicity, and refuses to be quoted on almost any subject. After the East-West series of 1933, a story went the rounds that some of his team-mates tried to indulge in post-mortems with him, but were frustrated by Hitchcock's habit of locking himself in his room. Notes were pushed under the door. They were unanswered.

He first rode a horse at three, began to play polo at fourteen. He is in his middle thirties to-day. He played hockey, at St. Paul's, and football and tennis at Harvard.

At seventeen he was a member of the Lafayette Escadrille. He was shot down behind the German lines, escaped from a moving train, and fled eighty miles to Switzerland.

Hitchcock is six feet and one inch tall, weighs 183 pounds, has a wife and two children, neither smokes nor drinks, leads a quiet life, and, as Fitton puts it, is "a born gentleman."

He has been playing international polo for sixteen years, and refuses to be crowded out by the younger element. Despite two head-injuries of the last two seasons, he is playing as well as he ever did at his best, which is polo that can't be matched.

The name of Hitchcock is synonymous with the development of high-goal polo in this country. Tommy's father was a captain of the first American International Team that played England, and Hitchcock himself was captain of the last.

Mother

In between came Hitchcock's mother, referred to by adoring polo historians as the "mother of American polo."

Mrs. Hitchcock, who helped make Aiken, South Carolina, one of the best-known sporting communities in the world, was a grande dame of enormous vitality even in her sixties. She was almost the first woman in this country to ride astride a horse.

When she was past sixty she broke an ankle walking in the woods, and had to use crutches. According to Harry Worcester Smith ("Life and Sport in Aiken") she pushed her crutches down stairs, and slid down the banister.

Unlike her son, she was outspoken and decisive—especially on lynching, which she bitterly opposed. A former New Orleans belle, she was Master of the Aiken Drag Hunt, owned a pack of pure-bred beagles, helped to fight forest-fires in the Aiken woods, didn't object to being photographed by news-cameramen (her husband and son did) and insisted on having plenty of fresh air in whatever room she occupied.

Mrs. Hitchcock organized the Meadow Lark Polo Club at Westbury, "nursery of international polo," helped found the Meadow Brook Club, and, at Aiken, taught youngsters to play polo, first unmounted, later on bicycles. Many of the high-goal players of to-day learned polo at Aiken on bicycles under Mrs. Hitchcock's tutelage.

Tribute

When Louise Eustis Hitchcock died, Will Rogers wrote: "You can't pass a park without seeing a statue of some old codger on a horse, it must be to his bravery, you can tell it's not to his horsemanship. Women are twice as brave as men, yet they never seem to have reached the statue stage, but one is due now.

"Courage, horsemanship, sportsmanship, and great paternal love was all embodied in one frail little white-haired woman, sixty-seven years old, Mrs. Thomas Hitchcock, godmother, mother, and patron saint of American polo, and lover of a horse."

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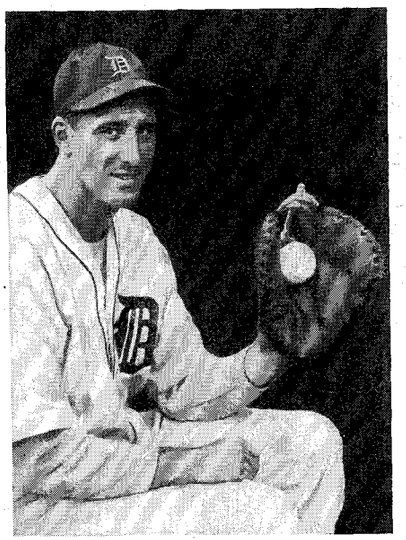
No Percentage in Prophecy

National League Race Has Shown Hazards of Predicting Winners—Hank Greenberg Out for a Few Records, Not Ruth's

Carl Hubbell, star southpaw pitcher of the New York Giants, flew from Chicago to Meeker, Oklahoma, one day last week, to take a look at his 8½-pound baby boy. On the next day he flew back, and pitched the last game in a series which practically blasted the Giants' chance of winning the 1935 National League pennant. The Cubs swept the series, extending a winning-streak which began on September 4.

When the Giants arrived in Chicago they were serious contenders for the pennant. When they left, they were practically out of a race which, last week, had narrowed to the league-leading Cubs and the "gashouse gang" from St. Louis.



Wide World

Hank Greenberg, owner of baseball's largest mitt

Motto

Writing in the September *Baseball Magazine*, Frank Graham recalled the motto that Harry Pulliam, "President of the National League when bleacherites wore boiled shirts and hard hats," tacked up over his desk: "Take Nothing for Granted in Baseball."

"The soundest forecast of a baseball season that can be made," wrote Graham, "with due and meticulous attention given to every last shred of available dope, is but a stab in the dark. If it comes out right, it doesn't mean that you're a genius. It means that you're lucky."

Last week, the Cubs had won seventeen of their last eighteen games at home and twenty-four of their last twenty-eight. That constituted an upset in the senior circuit, but their pennant-chances hinged on their ability to beat the Cardinals this week in the last series of the season.

Baseball City

The Detroit Tigers had practically won their second straight American League pennant last week and the automobile metropolis had become a crazy, hysterical baseball city with Mickey Cochrane, Detroit's cocky little player-manager, installed as Honorary Mayor.

Baseball news monopolized Detroit's newspaper columns. The Detroit *Free Press*, anxious to give the Tigers their due, printed daily three-column boxes. Samples: "I Is for Insect, or Rather the Flea, Herman E. Clifton, Whom Basemen Can't See"; "J Is for Jo-Jo, the Tigah Man, White; When They Think They've Got Him, They Haven't, Not Quite."

The Detroit *News* sent five correspondents to "cover" the Tigers, including one radio-broadcaster who dictated his play-by-play daily. One day it ran to practically a whole page of type.

An automobile factory installed loud-speakers all over the plant so that their employees could follow the ball-game while working.

In an interview in the New York *Herald Tribune*, Cochrane confessed to Richards Vidmer that he had made "a lot of mistakes.

"Gee," said Cochrane, "I've made so many I can't remember them all."

Star

One of Detroit's stars who is not a mistake is Henry Greenberg, Tiger first-baseman, who refused to sign with the Yankees because he thought Lou Gehrig would keep him on the bench indefinitely.

Because a large percentage of the patrons at New York sporting events like boxing and baseball and racing are Jewish, a Jewish athlete is a shrewd box-office attraction. John McGraw tried to get a good one for years, once offering $50,000 to any one who would deliver to him a Jew capable of playing in his regular line-up. He passed up Greenberg and Greenberg passed up the Yankees.

Greenberg signed with Detroit in 1930 for $9,000 cash. His record for that year was: one time at bat, no runs, no hits, batting average, .000. He was farmed out to several minor-league teams, and returned to the Tigers in 1933, batting .301. Last year he played a full season, finishing with a .339 average. He is expected to do even better this season.

Greenberg is six feet, four inches tall and weighs 215 pounds. He speaks with a slight New York accent. He is unmarried and proud of his race and religion. He studied at New York University for one term, but turned to baseball at nineteen.

In an interview in *The Catholic News*, Greenberg said: "I would rather break the runs-driven-in record than gain Babe Ruth's home-run crown. The runs I have driven in have been my chief joy and consolation in baseball."

Greenberg wears the largest glove ever seen in baseball. It is embellished with a cord netting that stretches between the thumb and glove proper. He believes in never using two hands when he can use one, thus breaking an unwritten baseball law.

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Steel Army's Chief Promotes Miner's Son

Descendant of an Indian Fighter, Myron C. Taylor, Marshal in War on Depression, Picks Benjamin Fairless as Lieutenant Amid Talk of Another Merging of Commands

Unlike one of his ancestors, Myron C. Taylor is no Indian fighter. Yet there is a good deal of similarity between his job and that of Capt. John Underhill, who left Stratford-on-Avon in the seventeenth century, when William Shakespeare was the town's leading citizen, and came to America to play a leading rôle in the defense of the Colonies from the red men.

For Myron C. Taylor, whose name was in the head-lines last week, has commanded Steel's army in the Corporation's long fight against the forces of depression.

Captain Underhill, Mr. Taylor's ancestor on the maternal side, came to America with a background of military experience in the Low Countries. He built stockades, taught the Colonists to handle muskets, and drilled them in the defense of their primitive fortresses.

With Capt. John Mason, an English soldier who had served under Sir Thomas Fairfax in the Low Countries, he commanded the Colonists in the Pequot War in Connecticut.

Ancestor

"Underhill came from Manhattan with 150 Dutch soldiers in three yachts and landed at Greenwich," wrote John Fiske, nineteenth-century historian, in "Dutch and Quaker Colonies in America," adding:

"Truly the work was done with Cromwellian thoroughness. The tribe which had lorded it so fiercely over the New England forests was all at once wiped out of existence. . . . Not for eight-and-thirty years after the destruction of the Pequots, not until a generation of red men had grown up that knew not Underhill and Mason, did the Indian of New England dare again to lift his hand against the white man."

In the same book Fiske said of Captain Underhill's defense of the Dutch Colonies in what now is New York:

"Perhaps it would not be extravagant to call him the savior of New Netherland."

Mr. Taylor is proud of his ancestor; and, as he treads the broad acres that surround his country home at Locust Valley, Long Island, it pleases him to reflect upon Captain Underhill and his exploits. It is natural that he should muse thus beneath the old trees on the estate at Locust Valley.

For this was the estate of Captain Underhill. This land the Captain bought from the Indians in 1640. The deed hangs over the fireplace in the Taylor library.

Mr. Taylor, who is six feet tall, and weighs 180 pounds, has built no stockades, drilled no farmers, and wiped out no Pequots. But when he became Chairman of United States Steel in 1932, he set for himself the threefold task of reorganizing the Corporation's financial structure, physical properties, and personnel.

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Myron C. Taylor, commander of Steel's army

That task is not yet completed. Yet it moved a step nearer consummation with the selection of Benjamin F. Fairless as President of the new Carnegie-Illinois Steel Corporation, and the publication by the Pittsburgh *Press* of a news-story saying the American Sheet and Tin Plate Company and the American Steel and Wire Company would be merged as the next step in Steel's simplification program.

Mr. Taylor would not affirm the report of an impending merger of American Sheet and Tin Plate and American Steel and Wire. But in a speech delivered at a luncheon of industrialists in Chicago, he intimated that further mergers of Steel units would follow the union of Carnegie and Illinois.

And to a member of *The Wall Street Journal's* Chicago Bureau, who asked if a merger of American Sheet and Tin Plate and American Steel and Wire would not be logical, he answered:

"Young man, you should be in the steel business."

The Carnegie-Illinois merger becomes effective on October 1. It means the passing of the Carnegie Steel Company of Pennsylvania, the Clairton By-Products Company, the Lorain Steel Company, and the Illinois Steel Company. Carnegie Steel Company of New Jersey will survive, be renamed, and absorb the others. The home-office of the new company will be in Pittsburgh.

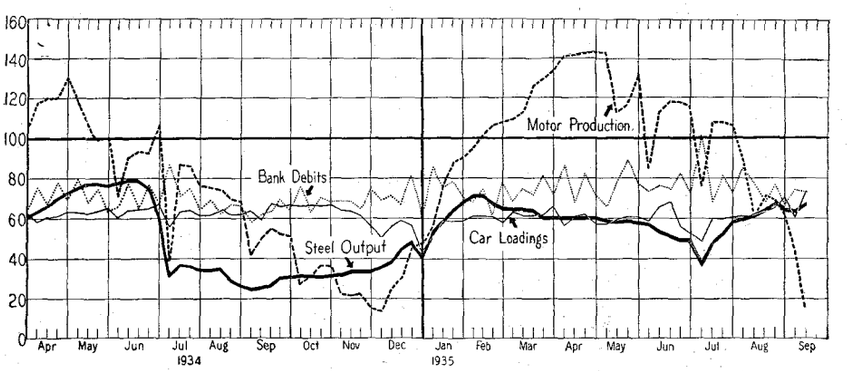
Miner

Benjamin Franklin Fairless, who will coordinate the operations of Steel's units in the Pittsburgh and Chicago areas, was born at the village of Pigeon Run, near Massillon, Ohio, on May 3, 1890, the son of a coal-miner. The boy was quick to learn, and, when he was five, the father told his neighbors:

"I have one boy who will never mine coal."

Benjamin never has mined coal, but he has worked his way from obscurity to a position among America's leading industrialists. After graduation from high school in Justus, Stark County, Ohio, he taught in village schools in order to earn money to go to college. He attended Wooster College and Ohio Northern University, and won an engineering degree.

Old-timers in Massillon recall that in his college days Fairless was a catcher for the town's semiprofessional baseball-team. He was a good catcher, and some of the townsfolk thought he was good enough for professional baseball.



Four Indicators of Business Activity

This chart shows percentage of deviation from weekly averages of ten years ago, 1923-1925 inclusive. The heavy line represents steel-ingot production in percentage of total plant-capacity. The other lines show total freight car-loading, bank debits outside New York City, and automobile production. The chart covers the week ending September 14

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But young Mr. Fairless had other ideas. When he had finished school, he took a job as an engineer for the Wheeling & Lake Erie Railroad. Later, he worked for the Central Steel Company, at Massillon, as transit-man. He devoted his spare time to study, particularly of alloys, and, in 1926, became Vice President and General Manager of the United Alloy Company.

Two years later, at thirty-eight, he became President; and, in 1930, when Republic Steel absorbed Central Alloy, which had absorbed United, he was made Executive Vice President of Republic.

Mr. Fairless, ruddy of cheek, breakfasts on coffee and orange-juice, but demands plenty of fresh vegetables at dinner. He likes sentimental music, would rather wear old clothes than new ones, and is fond of blue shirts.

His newspaper reading is concentrated upon the financial and sports sections; but he likes detective stories, and consumes vast quantities of them. He smokes nickel cigars. Last week, Mr. Fairless smoked nickel cigars at luncheons in Pittsburgh and in Chicago, and found himself lauded by the press. "The trade respects the Fairless record," said *Business Week*.

And, in Pittsburgh, which will be the home of the new company, *The Press* commented:

"United States Steel was being hard pressed by the fierce and active competition of smaller and very efficient companies. Out of this situation seems to have come a revitalization of United States Steel, a determination to make its corporate structure more simple, to get closer to the base of operations, and to take other steps to meet changing conditions in the industry. . . . As head of the new company comes a vigorous young man who has already made his mark in the steel world."

At Pittsburgh, Mr. Taylor revealed that United States Steel is spending $70,000,000 on "plant-changes and betterments," and said the Corporation would spend a similar sum in the near future, making a total expenditure of $140,000,000.

The week brought a report from the American Iron & Steel Institute showing an increase of 22 per cent. in the net earnings of 158 steel companies during the first six months of the year, and United States Steel common made two new highs for the year on the New York Stock Exchange. It shot up to 47¾ on Monday. On Wednesday it went to 48¾.

Exit "The Very Man"

Of Joseph P. Kennedy, red-haired, Harvard-bred friend of President Roosevelt, the Nation's Chief Executive, in June, 1934, exclaimed: "Joe Kennedy! The very man!"

The President was confronted by the problem of naming a Chairman of the new Securities and Exchange Commission. There had been reports that he would appoint James M. Landis, member of the Federal Trade Commission and coauthor of the Securities and Stock Exchange Acts. Then there was a report that he would name Ferdinand Pecora. But all this was before the President thought of Joseph P. Kennedy.

"Joe Kennedy! The very man!" said the President. And Joe Kennedy it was, despite the vigorous, last-minute opposition of the Scripps-Howard Newspapers, whose editors did not like the idea of setting a Wall Street man to watch Wall Street.

His appointment, however, was praised generally by the press. "He is committed to the central idea of the securities legislation—that investors shall be protected from speculators and market-riggers," wrote Arthur Krock in the New York *Times*.

"He may be counted on to make it easy for honest issues and very, very difficult for the other kind."

This week Joseph P. Kennedy was no longer the "Boss of Wall Street." His resignation, announced by the President at Hyde Park last week, became effective on Monday. Mr. Kennedy sat at the right hand of Jim Farley during the campaign of 1932, and was a large contributor to the campaign fund.

Expectations

In stepping out of the picture, Mr. Kennedy acted as Wall Street had expected him to act. Rumors of his resignation had been current in the Street and in Washington for many weeks.

Before the President's signature of the utilities bill, New York newspapers published reports that Mr. Kennedy would resign if no utilities legislation were enacted at the recent session of Congress, and if a bill were enacted which he considered unworkable. The further statement was made that he was eager to return to private life in any event.

Emperor Wheat, King Cotton

Wheat and cotton quotations shot skyward last week, dollar wheat returning to the Chicago Board of Trade and Cotton futures rising as much as $1.50 a bale.

The rise in the prices of these commodities was popularly attributed to fear of war. But this explanation did not commend itself to *The Wall Street Journal*, at least insofar as it was made to apply to wheat.

In an editorial captioned, "Rise in Wheat Prices," *The Journal* said:

"The statistical position of the wheat market has been steadily growing stronger, and, war or no war, prices would be bound to stiffen as the season advanced."

Altho its comment dealt only indirectly with cotton prices, *The Journal* did not seem so optimistic about prices of that commodity. In an editorial headed, "Consumption of Cotton," the newspaper said:

"The crop is late in moving, only a comparatively small percentage having been ginned to September 1. But the peak of the movement is not far away, and cheaper cotton is possible for the mills."

Prices of both commodities turned downward on Friday, when the selling of stocks, precipitated by nervousness over the likelihood of impending war, and made worse by the resignation of Joseph P. Kennedy as Chairman of SEC, extended its influence to the commodity markets.

The statistical positions, however, remained unchanged, with wheat's position far better than King Cotton's.

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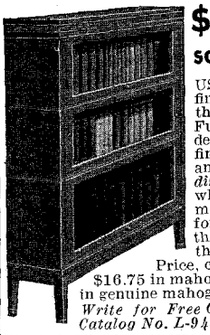

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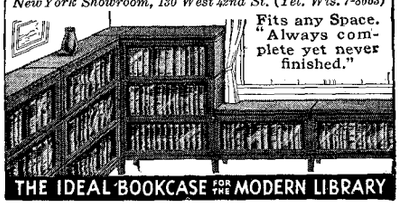

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The Open Forum

Borah Gaining

Sir:—I have just returned after a two months' tour of the Far Western States. Judging from the papers I have read, and the men I have talked to, I would state that there is a strong sentiment developing for Borah for next year. S. E. Fisher.
East Liverpool, Ohio.

Labor in Germany

Sir:—In the September 7 issue of your magazine W. H. Franzmann states that Germany leads the rest of Europe in the reduction of the number of unemployed. Thereupon he assumes that the German economic system is far sounder than many critics of that misled country would have us believe.

One wonders whether Mr. Franzmann has read of some of the delightful institutions of modern Hitler-ridden Germany, such as concentration-camps and forced labor. Then, Mr. Franzmann, upon realization of the fact that it is a comparatively simple task to place some of the unemployed in concentration-camps, and "persuade" others of their number to do forced labor, you will see that the reduction in the number of Germany's unemployed does not necessarily indicate even partial economic recovery. Sidney Remet.
New York City.

Sir:—I wish to offer my most sincere congratulations to W. H. Franzmann for the stand he has taken on the Hitler question.

It is about time that the American public began to realize that all this anti-German propaganda is fostered by vicious enemies of the Third Reich who have none but their own interests in mind.

I believe that it would be a very good idea if the newspapers of the United States would devote their criticism to the Mexican situation, which is really something to worry about.
Bismarck, North Dakota. Gregory Stein.

Our Error

Sir:—You state in your September 14 issue that the late Huey P. Long was the youngest governor Louisiana ever had. Are you not in error here? I think Gov. H. C. Warmoth was younger than Long by a number of years.
Columbia, Missouri. C. B. Rollins.

[We erred. Henry Clay Warmoth, eighteenth Governor of Louisiana, born on May 9, 1842, was elected to the Governorship in 1868, when he was twenty-six years old.—*Editor.*]

Joke

Sir:—In your edition of August 31 this quotation appeared: In Welsh the Minister of Transport is called "Rhagair Gan y Gweinidog Cludo." Mr. Hore-Belisha, however, takes it in quite good part.—*Punch.*

It may amuse you to know that some Welshman apparently had a private joke at the expense of *Punch*. The correct Welsh for "Minister of Transport" is "Gweinidog Cludo." The Welsh given by *Punch* means "an introduction by the Minister of Transport."
Los Angeles. Florence Price.

We Bow

Sir:—Please accept the compliments of a very unimportant and recent subscriber (who took the liberty of criticizing you a few months back) on this week's [September 14] issue, which is a masterpiece of news-rendering. . . . The Digest lately has certainly become a good investment. Margaret Stanley.
New York City.

Sir:—I can not tell you how valuable to me is The Literary Digest. I read it from cover to cover every week. I like it because it is dignified, impartial, and comprehensive.

On subjects to which I can not give much time, I find in The Digest all I want to know.
St. Louis. Mrs. Thos. Baumgarten.

Italo-Ethiopian Debate

Sir:—For "L. R." to dub England's peace-making efforts in connection with the Italo-Ethiopian situation as "panhandling diplomacy," is his confession of his profound ignorance of editorial opinion here and abroad as presented in The Literary Digest. Almost as bad is "L. R.'s" inference that Italy is not a bully in going after 6,000-year-old Abyssinia.

I strongly advise "L. R." to read over the clauses of the Covenant of the League of Nations. Then, he will understand why England is doing her utmost to keep Italy from walking out on a binding signature.

At present, Mussolini, realizing how far he has gone, can't turn back. He is desperate—he must go on and on—he must fight—and fight any one who would dare make him appear a coward to his people.

There you are, "L. R."—Britain is carrying out her obligations as a member of the League of Nations. Italy isn't.
Vancouver. Donald A. C. McGill.

Sir:—In your issue of September 14, Mr. Walter H. B. Armitt states: "Britain is only trying to maintain the treaties signed after the War." Where was Britain when Japan took Manchuria? Where was Britain when Paraguay and Bolivia had their dispute? England's "Diplomatic Battle" is not to maintain world peace, but to protect her powerful Empire. Jack Carlone.
Campbell, Ohio.

Sir:—The claim that Italy has no room for its surplus population, offered by Italian leaders as justification of the proposed Italian invasion and annexation of Ethiopia, is made in disregard of the fact that Italy now possesses several sparsely settled colonies in Africa which are large enough to absorb the surplus Italian population.

According to the statistics published in the "World Almanac for 1935," the colonial possessions of Italy in Africa have an area of 871,000 square miles, and a population of 2,500,000, or only three persons to the square mile. Italy has a population of 344 persons to the square mile, a density slightly greater than Connecticut, but much less than New Jersey.

If the present population of the Italian colonies in Africa were increased forty-two millions, which is the present population of Italy, the colonies would contain only fifty persons to the square mile. The proper thing for Italy to do is to develop and populate the African colonies it now possesses, and permit Ethiopia to go its way in peace. John Kerne.
Hartford, Connecticut.

Shorter, But Longer

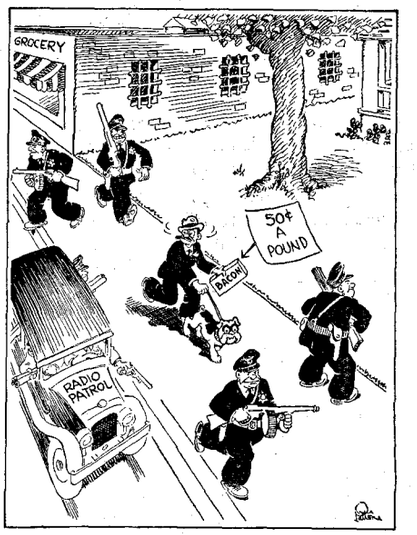
Sir:—Just how the new canal across Florida will avert hurricane disasters or save time is not clear.

The recent hurricane that passed over Macumber Key also passed over the route of the proposed canal.

Breaking up the figures from New Orleans to New York we have:

(a) 1,089 miles by sea at 20 miles an hour	54 hours
200 miles on canal at 6 miles an hour	33 hours
Total 1,289 miles	87 hours
(b) 1,699 miles all-sea route at 20 miles an hour	85 hours
	2 hours

New Smyrna, Florida. R. S. Blinn.



Bringing Home the Bacon
—*Patton in the Dallas* Journal

Potato-Control

Sir:—A little error or omission in your article in the September 7 issue on the Warren Potato Control Bill gives a wrong impression. I see no reason for Dean Ackerman to get so heated up, as there is nothing in the bill to prevent him from raising and eating all the potatoes he wants. It is only on those potatoes he sells above his allotment that he will have to pay the tax.

The reason small potato-growers were included in the bill is to prevent them from expanding and destroying the purpose of the Act. D. W. Sawyer.
Almond, Wisconsin.

[The farmers referred to in the article are particularly opposed to the bill on the ground that it takes from them their age-old right to use potatoes for barter locally.—*Editor.*]

Sir:—Your article, "Potato Revolt in New Jersey," carries me back to last winter, when I sat in a gathering of a thousand potato-farmers and business men in Aroostook County, Maine.

The outcome of this meeting was the unanimous passage of a resolution asking our Government to do for potatoes what it had already done for several other commodities. Similar pressure was brought to bear from other potato-producing sections of the country, which finally resulted in the passage of the Warren Potato Control Bill.

The inference I draw from your article is that our Government is carrying on in a high-handed manner exercising (in this respect) tyrannical control without a sense of right or justice. The Government is assuming control over potatoes because there was a demand for it sufficient to make it a law of the nation.

Dean Ackerman admits that his community is not particularly interested in potato-growing. That being the case, restrictions acceptable to a community whose mainstay is the potato ought not to work untold hardship on the Jersey farmers to whom the potato is merely a side-issue. We folk up here are not generally fortunate enough to have a comfortable salary on the side with which to make up our farming deficits. H. W. Thompson.
Mapleton, Maine.

Help Children

Sir:—In regard to "No More Deference to Youth [Literary Digest, August 31, 1935], the youngsters of to-day are kept in such a nervous state of mind they simply have no patience for anything except the one grind of school and bare existence.

One-half of the school hours, a few hours of relaxation, and more attention to the bodily needs would make any boy or girl a better man or woman. Bertha M. Bulmer.
Santee, California.

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Persons and Personalities

The recently appointed head of the new Federal Alcohol Control Bureau, **Franklin Chase Hoyt,** is a retired judge, a Republican, an Episcopalian, an author, and a friend of children. In 1929 he won the $25,000 William Randolph Hearst Temperance Essay contest. For twenty-five years he served on the bench in New York, heard more than 50,000 cases, and found time to write a book, "Quicksands of Youth," and numerous short stories. He is fifty-nine years old.

Judge Hoyt was born in Pelham, New York. He was educated at St. Paul's School in Concord, New Hampshire, where he was graduated in 1892, and went to Columbia University until 1894. From 1894 to 1896 he attended New York Law School. He started practising law in New York City in 1898. In 1902, he became Assistant Corporation Counsel, and held that post until 1908, when he began his twenty-five years of service as a judge. In 1905, he was appointed legal adviser to the Mayor.

Organizer

His notable work in juvenile delinquency began in 1915. He was largely instrumental in the organization of the Children's Court of the City of New York, of which he was the first Presiding Justice.

His concern in the welfare of children always has been marked. He takes a great interest in the Boy Scouts of America and is Honorary President of the New York Council. He is Past President of the Big Brother Movement, and has been identified with many charitable and social activities, including the National Probation Association, of which he is President.

He worked for the adoption of the amendment to the New York State Constitution establishing special courts, throughout the State, to handle children's cases.

Mr. Hoyt is a man of medium build, five feet ten and a half inches tall. His hair, like his eyes, is brown. For most of his life he wore glasses, but several years ago he decided he didn't need them. He rarely uses them now.

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Franklin Chase Hoyt, temperance-essay contest-winner

When he resigned from court work in 1933, it was because he felt he had gone as far as he ever could go in that field. Also, he wanted to write, an urge which had been burning in him from his schoolboy days when he had been Editor of *Horæ* at St. Paul's. His "Quicksands of Youth" was based on "cases" which had come under his notice when he was Judge in the Children's Court.

He does not like cities and gets away from them as much as he can. He usually manages to go South some time during the year, and never is happier than when on his twenty-nine-acre estate at New Hamburg, New York, not far from Wappinger's Falls.

He has a predilection for landscape-gardening, but his wife—the former Maud Rives Borland—keeps that work out of his hands. For a hobby he collects antiques. Once, for fun, he grew pecans in Georgia, but gave that up because it was too expensive an amusement.

He likes to play tennis, and has a fondness for swimming. When in New Hamburg he spends much time in his private swimming-pool. He smokes cigarettes, likes an occasional drink, but only beer or wine.

He is a capable organizer, and is held in deep esteem not only by his friends, but by those with whom he was associated in his work. He has two daughters.

Essayist

In his prize-winning essay, Judge Hoyt proposed that Congress repeal the Volstead Act, and that it substitute a law defining the words "intoxicating liquors" as "all alcoholic products of distillation." He proposed also that each State be permitted to regulate and control the manufacture and sale of malt, brewed, and fermented beverages within its own borders.

"It suffices to say," he wrote, "that distillation is the act of man, and has been responsible for practically all the evils which 'liquor' has inflicted upon the human race, while fermentation is the act of Nature, and that, to many, must mean, in the most reverential sense, the act of God."

* * *

Presidential Possibility: On his deathbed, years ago, Aaron Vandenberg, the harness-maker, addressed his boy. "My son," he said, "I want you to promise me that you will always be a good Republican." Young **Arthur Hendrick Vandenberg** promised.

To-day the handsome, fifty-one-year-old, junior United States Senator from Michigan, looming large as Presidential timber, can feel satisfied that he has kept his word.

Interested actively in politics, he joined the Young Men's Republican Club early in his career. For ten years he served on the Michigan Republican State Central Committee. In 1916 he was chosen Chairman of that Committee, and assumed that post again in 1928. Meanwhile, he declined the offer of an organized group which sought to have him nominated for Governor.

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Senator Vandenberg promised to be a good Republican always

Candidate

In 1928, also, he announced his candidacy for the Republican nomination for United States Senator in opposition to the late Woodbridge N. Ferris. The sudden death of Senator Ferris caused Governor Green to appoint Mr. Vandenberg to fill the vacancy. At the next election, Mr. Vandenberg was chosen to succeed himself by the largest majority ever given to any Michigan candidate in a State election.

In 1934, he was reelected in the midst of a Democratic landslide. It was evident then that he was destined to play a large part in the ranks of his Party. It was evident, too, that a Republican who could win while fellow Republicans all over the country were losing was a man worth watching.

Legislator

His two biggest political achievements are Congressional reapportionment and bank-deposit insurance. Shifting the weight of the representation from rural to more densely populated districts was a problem which had not been allowed to come to a vote for ten years.

His bank-deposit insurance plan, a revision of one calling for full insurance, was "sold" to the Senate, altered in the House, and finally adopted.

He is ambitious, plausible, and flexible. Admirers call him "a profound thinker." According to the New York *Sun*, he is "the best old-time spread-eagle orator in the Senate; his discourse paced to a slow and stately baton filled with 'yeas' and 'forsooths,' and 'viewing with alarms.'"

He looks a little like the late President Harding, and worships Alexander Hamilton, about whom he has written three books. He is tall, with black hair graying, sincere, serious, with little time for play. He worked his way through high school, and one year at the University of Michigan. In his early youth he was a newsboy.

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No Regrets.—"I'm sorry—I quite forgot your party the other evening!"

"Oh, weren't you there?"—*Stray Stories.*

Misplaced.—Mr. Bernard Shaw is a past-master at the ready retort. A young woman sitting next to him at dinner remarked: "What a wonderful thing is youth!"

"Yes—And what a crime to waste it on children," G. B. S. replied sagely.—*Montreal Daily Star.*

Habit.—The golfer had lost his ball, and, not unnaturally, was inclined to be annoyed with his caddie.

"Why the deuce didn't you watch where it went?" he asked angrily.

"Well, sir," said the boy, "it don't usually go anywhere, and so it took me unprepared like."—*Pearson's Weekly (London).*

Swifty.—With a charming air of romance and pleasant sentimentality, the company were discussing how each married couple among them first met.

"And where did you first meet your wife?" the little man in the corner was asked.

"Gentlemen, I did not meet her," he replied, solemnly. "She overtook me."—*Troy Times Record.*

Prize.—The scion of a local household got home from boys' camp Tuesday, with the announcement that he had won a prize at the last minute for packing his suit-case the neatest and quickest. Nothing could have astonished his parents more. His mother skeptically investigated at once. The bag was exactly as she had packed it when her son went away. Hadn't been touched.—*New Yorker.*

Q. E. D.—Q.—Who was the first Democrat in the world?

A.—Christopher Columbus.

Q.—How come?

A.—When he left Spain his trip was government financed, was it not?

Q.—When he left Spain, he didn't know where he was going, did he?

A.—No, he didn't.

Q.—When he got to America, he didn't know where he was going, did he?

A.—That's right.

Q.—When he got home, he couldn't tell where he had been, could he?—*Wall Street Journal.*

That's All There Is.—To the collection of strange and curious epitaphs from old cemeteries, Walter A. Dyer, of Amherst, Massachusetts, adds the following, taken from a headstone in a nearby cemetery:

Here lies entombed old Roger Morton,
Whose sudden death was oddly brought on
Trying one day his corn to mow off;
His razor slipped and cut his toe off.
His toe, or rather what it grew to,
An inflammation quickly flew to;
The member took to mortifying,
And poor old Roger took to dying.

—*New York Sun.*

Correct.—"You look like a nice, sensible girl. Let's get married."

"No, I'm just as nice and sensible as I look."—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

Social Note.—The dancing-masters deplore a deterioration in American manners. It seems our younger blades no longer bow when asking, "Is the next crawl mine, baby?"—*Tacoma Ledger.*

Complete.—According to friends in the East, Solly Violinsky, now on the Coast, has received a vaude offer from Germany.

Salary quoted at $1,250 weekly, and funeral expenses.—*Variety.*

On Our Way.—At one time during a season of heavy fog, a London daily paper offered a prize for the best fog story. The story given here won the prize:

A merchant received a telephone message one morning from one of his clerks. "Hello, Mr. Smith," said the clerk over the wire, "I can not come down to the shop this morning on account of the fog. I have not yet arrived home yesterday."—*Toronto Globe.*

Slips That Pass in the Type

Social Buds.—Binghamton couple weeded.—*Head-line in Binghamton (N. Y.) paper.*

Colorless.—Her death followed a lingering illness that had made her an individual for several years.—*Akron paper.*

Veteran of Children's Parties.—Mr. H——— is well known and popular in the city. He is a decorated with animal crackers and four birthday candles.—*Laramie (Wyo.) paper.*

You Ought to Know.—"Smile at Me" opened while this correspondent was unavoidably on his way to the country, and evidently was in need of a good scrubbing.—*New York paper.*

Get That Architect, Boys!—Dressing rooms for the men and women have been erected adjoining the garbage and the golf shop in the basement has been converted into a refreshment booth.—*Flushing (L. I.) paper.*

Constancy.—Mr. J—— is head of the department of English at W—— high school. He is a native of Chelsea, Mass., but has spent most of his summers in Maine, marrying Miss L—— S—— of A——.—*Lewiston (Me.) paper.*

Oops! Sorry.—By the President's last-minute compromise with the recalcitrant Southern Senators and Representatives, the AAA will now lend cotton-planters ten cents a bale on their product and pay them a subsidy of two cents or less to bring their return up to twelve cents for what cotton they sell.—LITERARY DIGEST.

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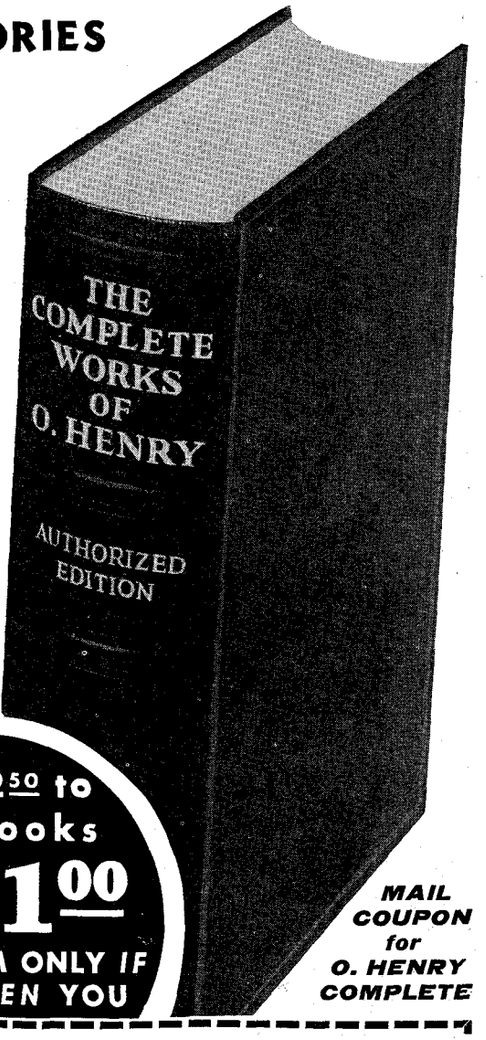

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